

Rolling Stones
To Tour U.S.A.
In April 1969

ROLLING STONE

ACME

No. 24

DECEMBER 21, 1968

UK: 3/6 35 CENTS

Doors' 'Riot'
In Phoenix

Plus:
Lou Adler
Richard Brautigan
Edward Kienholz

Ramblin' Notes on the New
Beatles Album, With Photos
From the Record Sessions

*John on Macrobiotics;
Yoko Ono on Her Films*

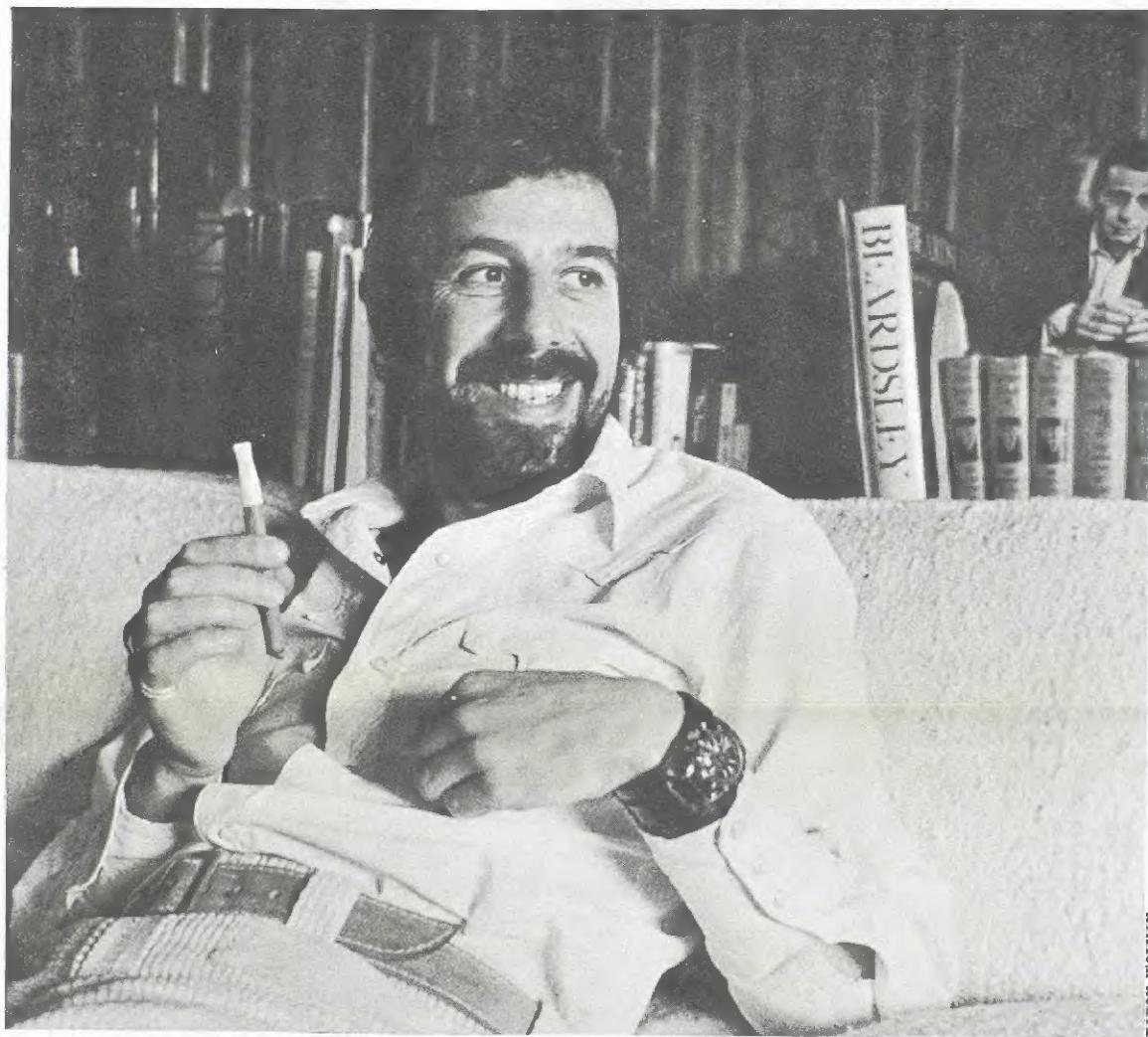


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No. 24

DECEMBER 21, 1968

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The Times They Are A Changin'—and Lou Adler With Them. See Page 18

NORMAN WINDHAM

BEATLES' RECORD-BUSTING LP MAY BE ALL-TIME BIGGEST

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT

LOS ANGELES — The new *The Beatles* double-record album (Apple SWBO 101), after one week in the record stores, is the fastest-selling Beatles album ever—and probably the fastest-selling LP of any sort. It is a good bet to surpass *Meet the Beatles*, which sold 5.8 million copies, and become the Beatles' biggest album yet.

Nearly three and a half million copies have been shipped to stores so far, according to Capitol, Apple's U.S. distributor—and they were snapped up so fast that store owners began re-ordering the same day they got their first consignments.

And the Beatles single, "Hey Jude," is well on its way to becoming their top-selling single to date. With sales of better than 3 million in two months, "Hey Jude" is still selling about 200,000 a week, Capitol says, with no sign of slowing down. It's been Number One on the charts for the past 12 weeks.

To catch the all-time top-selling LP, the *Sound of Music* soundtrack, *The Beatles* would have to top 8 million in

sales. Considering the unprecedented demand for the new Beatles offering, that's not unthinkable.

The album was given one full week of air-play before it reached the stores. This is normally thought to be poison on sales.

But rather than breeding familiarity, the advance air-play only whetted the appetite of the audience. Capitol executives all over the country received phone calls night and day from younger Beatle fans, asking them to set aside the first album they got "so I can be the first kid at my high school with one."

The stations were similarly besieged with callers. "There was such a tremendous number of people calling to ask when it would go on sale," says Tom Donahue, program director at San Francisco rock station KSAN-FM "that our phones were all but useless."

In city after city around the country, the impact was amazing. For several days, at least half the programming on many stations was *The Beatles*. A few jumped the gun, and played it before

—Continued on Page 4

STONES PLAN WORLD TOUR; XMAS TV SHOW IN WORKS

LONDON—The Rolling Stones will play 27 American concerts between March 21 and May 3 as part of a world tour scheduled to begin this spring, if current plans jell.

Mick Jagger told ROLLING STONE that, "The U.S. part of the tour is very much unsettled with us. We will be doing it in March, but we've still got to get ourselves together here. It's a drag doing tours, 'cause you have to carry the whole show around with you, not like the television show we're doing. On tour we'll be doing the material from the new album."

No firm dates have yet been set, but it is known that the Boston Gardens and New York's Madison Square Garden will each produce a Stones show. The Madison Square Garden date is March 22. Other cities certain to be visited by the group are Miami, Chicago, San Francisco and Los Angeles. Negotiations are underway for an "early May" booking at the Oakland Coliseum.

Promoters are scrambling madly to get at least one Stones date for them-

selves — and not because the U.S. tour is a sure money-maker. It isn't. Last time the Stones toured the country, in the summer of 1966, they were a less than spectacular box-office in several cities.

With the Beatles and Bob Dylan talking about doing U.S. tours in the near future, concert producers are eager to show what they can do. It's like a semi-finals: Do well with the Rolling Stones or Bob Dylan.

At present, promoter Ron Delsener commands three U.S. Stones dates, co-promoters Howard Stein and Charles Karp have two.

The Rolling Stones' U.S. agency, Creative Management Associates, in New York, are refusing to say anything about dates or percentages at this juncture. "It's all in the planning stages now," says a spokesman.

Jagger recently told a British radio interviewer that the tour would take them round-the-world. Presumably, the

—Continued on Page 6



STEPPENWOLF
JUST ONE OF
THE IMPRESSORS
ON DUNHILL



AND HEAVY



JOHN GLEASON

Happiness is a warm gun.

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CORRESPONDENCE, LOVE LETTERS & ADVICE

SIRS:

I want to thank Miss Omo and Mr. Lennon for returning the human body to reality.

LIZA WILLIAMS
LOS ANGELES

SIRS:

It all depends which way one's hand is facing. In England two fingers forming a V with the palm facing out, a la Churchill, does indeed mean "victory," but turn the wrist so the back of the hand faces out and it is equivalent to our own "up yours" middle finger gesture. This was pointed out to Sly & the Family Stone in England, but I guess Columbia is trying to get a little publicity mileage out of a ridiculous series of events.

Point of clarification: The Jimi Hendrix in the audience for Cass Elliott's Las Vegas debut was not the Hendrix of "Experience" fame, I assume, but the Hendrix (Hendricks?) of the Mugwumps who was/Cass's old man. Right or wrong?

DEAN SPEIR
WESTHAMPTON BEACH, N.Y.

SIRS:

This summer I split to NY and while I was gone some dude used my pad to burn people. Some joker woke up in my living room, realized he'd been had and copped my guitar to settle the score.

Well, the guitar was special, a Martin D-28 which I had had about 12 years. It's got a mother of pearl inlay on the 12th fret with the initials R.P.C. When I found out it was gone, naturally I was drug but I also knew that the guy who ripped it off had a right-on beef, so with no bread I built another one.

Here's the bummer: I'm laid up with hep in the country, with no electricity, and just can't get it off with my new axe like I could with the old one and guitar is all I got. So I would like to get my old one back—no questions asked, and if the cat who has it now needs an axe, I'll give him the one I'm using now, which is pretty funky,

all inlaid with Roosevelt dimes. Any leads or action would be appreciated. You know how things are.

PETER COHON
SAUSALITO, CALIF.

SIRS:

Someday people will have to admit that England wipes out the US when it comes to rock and roll. Greil Marcus' bit on the new Who LP (really a theoretical new Who LP) was super—it's so good to find someone in America has realized, as he says, "the Who are the spirit of rock and roll."

Most of the songs he discussed were new to me, but I too was waiting for "Shakin' All Over," "Summertime Blues" and "Substitute" (which I've only heard once, on a Cleveland station). I guess the only way to get the old records (since the record companies won't do anything about it) is to send to England.

TERRY ROTHRA
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

SIRS:

I couldn't help notice a strong physical resemblance between Rick Danko and Bob Dylan in the *John Wesley Harding* cover photo. In both photos the hat obscures the tell-tale hair and the relaxed physical posture exhibited by Danko brings to mind Dylan's customary pose. Perhaps the tip-off is found in comparing the squinting left eyes of both men.

Could Dylan have completely immersed his ego in a group (beautiful style if this is indeed true) or has he just spread some more of the same over the scene in western New York?

Further evidence is found in the painting by Bob Dylan on the cover of *Music from Big Pink*. There are six figures in the painting instead of five. The fifth and sixth are linked with one draped over the piano (which is, I understand, Dylan's musical instrument on this album). The face of the top man is well hidden. There is no doubt about the presence of the elephant in the painting.

In the song credits I notice that both/either men were able to pull themselves

together long enough to write "This Wheel's On Fire." The recent article in ROLLING STONE about Rick Danko's automobile accident in upstate New York evokes one more mysterious parallel. I am waiting to be put in order as to the true identities of these Maverick brothers.

STEVE BLODGETT
ROUND ROCK, TEXAS

SIRS:

I just finished the article on the service in the November 9 issue. It was factual, well written and quite enjoyable. It's nice to know that someone back in the world understands what's going on here.

I'm a records clerk in a personnel admin. section. I'd say about 45% of the unit are regular pot smokers and up to 70% have turned on a few times. Most of the grass that is consumed around here is in the form of repacked American cigarettes. But loose shit is cheaper—a friend of mine got a kilo in Saigon for \$9 worth of PX beer and cigarettes. The best I've had comes from Thailand. I can hardly wait for R&B in Bangkok.

The music situation is improving. Armed Forces Radio plays "Revolution" regularly. WACI, which you mentioned only in passing, has some excellent music, both soul and white rock. I've even heard a couple of specifically anti-Vietnam songs by Country Joe.

The only bad thing about it is that the DJ's use pseudo-hip patter of the square type. The worst are the ones who try so hard to sound like soul brothers that you know they must be albinos. But, "it gets a little better all the time."

ANONYMOUS
VIETNAM

SIRS:

I don't know how to tell you, but it is "Paul is a queer." Try recording the segment in question and playing it back at a slightly lower tape speed.

DANNY NOOGER
NEW YORK



NUNOW NORTH

Doors New Riot-Concert Tour A Smash in Phoenix, Arizona

PHOENIX, ARIZ.—The Doors will never play the Arizona State Fair again. And a relatively small riot (for the Doors) has been blown up into a bad publicity campaign that has already cost them a TV special date.

The Doors were booked into the Veterans War Memorial Coliseum in Goldwater-land for one night last November 7th. According to Doors manager Bill Siddons, their hour-long set was not very together in the first place, and was troubled with equipment failure. In order to stimulate the unmoved crowd, Morrison at one point shouted: "This might be our last time in Phoenix. Why are you just sitting? Why isn't anything happening?" or something like that.

Relationships between police and young people in Phoenix have suffered some strain in recent months with the growth of a hippie culture and the usual attendant hassling, but according to Bill Siddons, "The police neither showed extreme violence toward the audience nor were inefficient in protecting the performers, as the Phoenix police have been in the past, with Hendrix for instance. By our standards this 'riot' was party, it didn't even inspire conversation the next morning."

The Doors went on at about 10:00 PM before an audience of 8000. Their playing was so uninspired that they had one conference, during an equipment breakdown, to discuss what to do. Morrison's attempt to enliven the audience was however, a spur-of-the-moment exhortation.

About 300 teenagers charged the stage at this point and were repulsed by the police. Seven young people were reportedly booked under failure to disperse, police assault and obscene language regulations. The Coliseum director announced that the Doors had played their last gig at his hall.

The story continued when Variety, the show business weekly, published a report of the affair by a reporter apparently more accustomed to the usual entertainment at State Fairs than to Jim Morrison. He was particularly incensed by Morrison's use of the word "shit" (not the worst word Morrison has been known to use on stage) in connection with President-Elect Nixon: "We are not going to stand for four more years of shit."

Variety's story is loaded with journalistic bullshit like, "One mature observer noted . . . the fair permits children to listen to this garbage." Bill Siddons reports that advertisers have swayed by the story and a proposed Doors TV special has been dropped in consequence.

The notoriety attending this concert, quite undeserved, and other incidents such as Jim Morrison's arrest in New Haven a year ago for obscenity have caused bad relations with the entertainment industry. Some promoters will not now handle the Doors and commercial sponsorship seems to be suffering.

THE BEATLES LP-\$ \$ \$ \$ \$

—Continued from Page One

Capitol-Apple's 4:00 PM Friday, Nov. 15, release date. Lawyers representing Capitol quickly put a stop to this.

It seemed as if the only music worth hearing was the new Beatles, as some stations played the one-hour, 40-minute double album continuously. San Francisco pop station KFRC's latest Top Thirty listing lists *The Beatles* title by title, from 1 to 30—perhaps the most accurate possible indication of the album's stature.

One free-enterprising record shop was running ads in underground papers here, reading: "Fuck our competitors. Buy first tape at \$2.97. Receive second tape for \$1.97. New Beatles tape." There were rumors of pirating in every city during the week before the record went on sale.

Advance orders before the album went on sale came to 1.7 million, nearly half a million over any previous Capitol advance order, and thought to be the largest advance order ever.

In San Francisco, Capitol distributors were telling record stores that no dealer had gotten more than 50 per cent of his initial order—so heavy was the demand—and most, much less.

Capitol spokesmen here said these figures were off the mark, but declined to say how much, or in which direction.

Capitol record-factory men had never seen anything like the initial demand. "It's especially tricky in a thing like this," one told ROLLING STONE, "where you don't know if it's going to be two- or three- or four- or five-million, because if we don't make enough, you could miss a lot of sales. But if you print too many, you can lose a pile of money."

And then *The Beatles* went on sale. Almost instantly, stores sold out. The Harvard Co-op sold out its 1500 copies the first day. Tower Records in San Francisco sold out 2000 in a day, got a re-order of 1500 a day later and sold those in 24 hours. It was the same story all across the U.S.

Capitol sold 3,301,275 copies to stores within four days of its going on sale. Though no firm figures are in yet on sales to the public, it can be assumed that most of these are now in the hands of Beatles fans, old and new.

For comparison, the two Simon and Garfunkel albums, *The Graduate* soundtrack and *Brooks* have dominated the LP charts this past year, with each pressing toward 2 million sales. *The Graduate* slightly in the lead. The record-setting soundtrack recording for *The Sound of Music* has been on the LP charts for nearly four years.

It is likely that *The Beatles* has already surpassed *Meet the Beatles* in terms of profits. Since it is a two-record set, 6.6 million individual records are actually on the market. The list price of the new record is \$11.98, compared with \$4.79 for a Capitol LP.

The normal arrangement for royalties on recordings is five per cent to the artist. But since the Beatles own Apple their share is doubtless larger.

And it isn't just that people are buying the new album. Reports indicate that significant numbers of people are picking up on old Beatles albums they hadn't bought the first time around—most usually either *Sgt. Pepper* or *Magical Mystery Tour*. New demand for these two records—both of which were still in the Top One Hundred LP's bracket before the entry of the new album—has jumped enough that Capitol is re-shipping them nationally.

The Beatles went on sale before Capitol had originally intended it should. "We hadn't planned to ship it until December 1st," says Rocky Catena, the company's national merchandising chief, "but we just couldn't hold off any longer."

Meanwhile, "Hey Jude" is already the 16th Beatles single to sell over a million, and figures to eclipse the best-seller to date, "I Want To Hold Your Hand," which grossed about 4 million sales. Whether "Hey Jude" might rival the mid-Fifties sales of Elvis Presley and Patti Page singles is another question. Patti's "Tennessee Waltz" is said to have sold about 7 million, incredibly enough.

Among artists who are to record "Hey Jude" are Wilson Pickett, Jose Feliciano and Bing Crosby.

Other Beatles notes:

George Harrison has split from Northern Songs, the English publishing company which has published twelve of his compositions, as well as those of

John Lennon and Paul McCartney. Harrison's works will be handled by Apple from now on. Lennon and McCartney will remain with Northern at least until 1973, expiration date of their contracts.

—*Two Virgins*, the LP from the movie of the same name, with the soundtrack by John Lennon and Yoko Ono, will be released by Tetragrammaton Records on January 1st. The album cover is the same one which appeared in the November 23 ROLLING STONE—front and back views of John and Yoko. Plan is for a plain brown wrapper to cover most (or all) of the genitalia, mammaries, glutes maximi, and other nasties.

Graham Nash To Leave The Hollies

LONDON — Graham Nash, rhythm guitarist and song-writer of the Hollies, is leaving the group as of the beginning of December. His decision to split from the band he helped found—for five years one of the top money-making groups in England—centers on the question of touring, and on artistic disagreements; specifically whether the Hollies were to record an album of Dylan songs.

The rest of the Hollies wanted to do the album, and have gone ahead and recorded seven tracks without Nash, backing tracks which will be completed when Graham's replacement is selected. But Graham felt that the Hollies sound is "not enough" for Dylan. He told them he would quit the group rather than do it.

Graham had been writing "experimental" songs, such as "King Midas in Reverse," while the other members had been more comfortable with the relatively commercial numbers of the old Hollies.

The other Hollies also prefer touring to studio work. Nash plans to come to the US to do more songwriting and to record with friends. He has already recorded some demos with Steve Stills, which will turn into an album as soon as either Columbia (which holds Nash's contract) or Atco (which still has Stills from his earlier group) relinquishes distribution rights to the other.

New Motown Suit

DETROIT — Holland-Dotter-Holland, Motown's star songwriting and producing team, is suing its former employers for \$22 million, the highest amount ever asked in a lawsuit of the type. H-D-H filed suit on November 14 in Detroit, charging Motown with conspiracy, fraud, deceit, overreaching and breach of fiduciary relationships. The claim is that the Motown empire was built on exploitation of the H-D-H team.

Motown filed a \$4 million suit against Edward Holland, Lamont Dozier and Brian Holland several months ago for failure to perform as songwriters or producers in 1968. H-D-H claims Motown contrived the suit as a means to justify its cessation of royalty payments in order to apply economic pressure on the team.

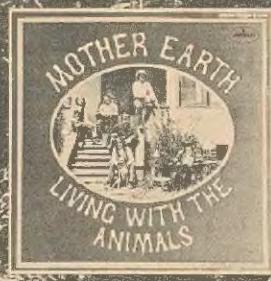
Holland-Dotter-Holland wrote and produced the Supremes' seven million-sellers, and have produced 25 of the 29 Motown acts. The Supremes and the Four Tops have been under H-D-H's production exclusively. Their suit asks that copyrights on their songs revert to them from Jobete Music Co., a Motown affiliate, that Jobete pay over to the court all royalties, and that Motown and Jobete make an accounting to the court of all earnings.

Detroit Scene

The Grande Ballroom, rock haven of Detroit, is extending a tentacle into Cleveland, a tentacle also called Grande Ballroom. Cleveland's WHK Auditorium has started to book big name rock bands in coordination with the Detroit Grande's programming, and is operating Grande-style dances for seventeen and over. It even has a progressive rock station, WMMS-FM, with broadcasting facilities at the hall.

through youthful dream's melodic screams,
life pumps into the dying mind,
the tunes of birth from mother earth,
are sounds to lead the blind.

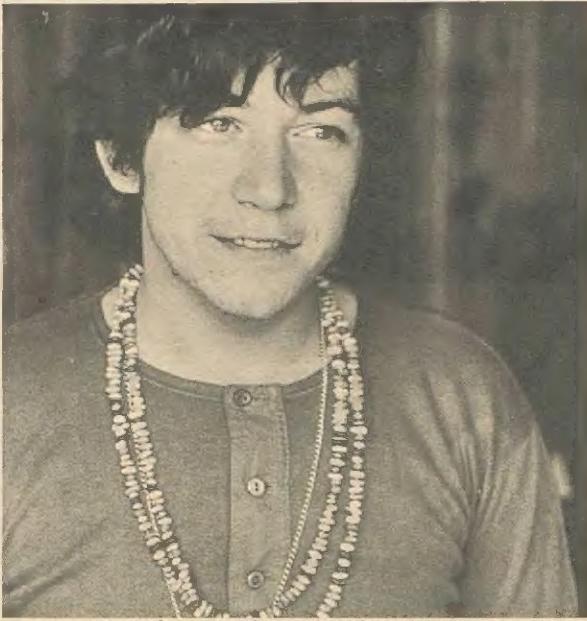
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Eric Burdon. "It would have been foolish to fight it."

RABON WOLMAN

Burdon Quits To Make Flicks; Animals Hassled In Japan

HOLLYWOOD—Eric Burdon, catching his breath here after a terrifying, abortive Japanese tour, plans to disband the Animals before the end of the year in favor of a movie career.

"There are so many good groups now," the 27-year-old Burdon says, "that I just feel old and frustrated. I can't get much satisfaction out of me music any more."

He's writing a movie script now about the American Indians, a subject he says has always been close to his heart, and also hopes to act. "I've just come to a point where it seems the best way to communicate is not to travel several thousand miles and set up some amps and sing a song. I got the feeling the best way to do it is with movies."

Burdon will fulfill his recording contract with MGM, but his new recordings will be outside the Animals format. "That's something we've done," says the singer-composer-guitarist, "now I want to experiment more."

What was to have been a happy sort of Japan farewell tour turned into a nightmare. The contract the Animals originally signed with promoter Tokhuro Honda called for 36 shows in eighteen days. But when the Animals got to Tokyo, they were told they were to play 46 shows in 20 days—for the same pay.

When they refused, Animals manager Kevin Deverich was marched before the promoter by knife-wielding muscle-men and dealt ominous threats. Deciding that this was no time to argue, Deverich agreed to the additional dates.

Zeppelin Signs

NEW YORK—Atlantic Records has signed the Led Zeppelin, a British band, led by ex-Yardbird Jimmy Page, to a long-term contract in a deal reportedly amounting to a \$200,000 advance.

Led Zeppelin has been widely praised by musicians who've heard tapes of their first, unreleased album. They are said to be comparable to Cream and the Jeff Beck Group in impact.

Page was the Yardbirds' lead guitarist from 1966 until it disbanded this past summer, and before that was much in demand as a session man. Bassist John Paul Jones, who doubles as an arranger, scored Donovan's "Mellow Yellow," "Sunshine Superman," and "Hurdy Gurdy Man," plus the Rolling Stones' "She's A Rainbow."

Drummer is John Bonham, who toured with Tim Rose earlier this year, and Robert Plant is lead singer.

The quartet, all in their early twenties, is the eighth British group Atlantic has signed. Their LP, recorded last month in London, is scheduled for early January release.

KING ELVIS FIGURES THE TIME IS RIGHT, DOES BIG TV SPECIAL

BURBANK—"We figure the time is right and today's music is right," said the grand old man of rock, Elvis Presley. And so the El is doing his first TV appearance in 8 years, on NBC, December 3.

It's almost a new world for Presley, who last appeared on TV in 1960, as a guest on a Frank Sinatra special, and it's got him kinda nervous.

"I want you to know," he said, "that I was scared to death, sir, when I did my first number for that studio audience. My knees were shaking and it wasn't just from keeping time with the music."

No details on the "Christmas Special" but the month of rehearsals preceding it has been a tiring experience for Presley, who's accustomed to the more leisurely pace of movie work.

"I thought I might do this special before I got too old," the 32-year-old singer said. "TV demands more of you."

Elvis stopped making personal appearances when he went into movie work, and has not worked with a live audience since the Hawaiian premiere for his film *Blue Hawaii* 12 years ago.



Elvis' 1968 Christmas Card

Stones Tour Plans: Flight 505

Continued from Page One

Stones would venture to Australia and Japan, where they have a considerable following.

The last dates, said the Mick, will take place in Europe, "finishing up in the Mother country."

Space is being booked on Flight 505.

Rolling Stones' TV Circus

LONDON—The Rolling Stones' first TV spectacular, an hour-long color "Rolling Stones Rock 'n Roll Circus," is planned for the Christmas season in the US and Great Britain. The Stones will star in a show with Traffic and several other rock acts, eventually to be distributed world-wide.

It's going to be a real circus, with clowns, animals and audience. Filming starts in early December. (New Musical Express says one of the clowns will be Mia Farrow.)

"Circus" is being directed by Michael Lindsay-Hogg, who directed the film of "Jumpin' Jack Flash" which appeared on American television last summer. Lindsay-Hogg also filmed the Beatles' "Hey Jude" clips and has been signed to film the upcoming "live" shows. The Beatles are planning for the first of next year. (The December 15-16 dates for the Beatles have been put off till at least

January 1.)

Along with Traffic and the Stones will be Taj Mahal, Dr. John the Night Tripper, and several other British and American groups.

The Stones can be expected to per-



Jagger with a Whip?

form at least two tracks from *Beggars Banquet*, and possibly some of the new material recorded for Christmas release in mid-November. The only question is, are they going to let Mick wear the big silk hat and carry a whip?



Family Dog's Chet Helms (left, longhair) in face-off with Board of Permit Appeals (right, whitehair)

ETIENNE RUSSELL

GREG PETERSON, S.F. CHRONICLE

MORE HASSLES FOR FAMILY DOG

SAN FRANCISCO—Matters continue to go badly for the Family Dog. There have been two hearings already on the revocation of its license to hold dances at the Avalon Ballroom, with the same result each time: City fathers say the ballroom runs too late, too loud, too messy, and therefore has no right to exist.

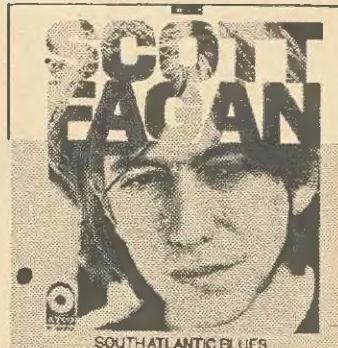
Support has come from all corners, including England and the Beatles, who sent their movie *The Magical Mystery Tour* to be shown to benefit the Family Dog.

Despite the hard times, Family Dog remains in business at the Avalon, holding dances with the likes of the Sir Douglas Quintet Plus Two and the Vel-

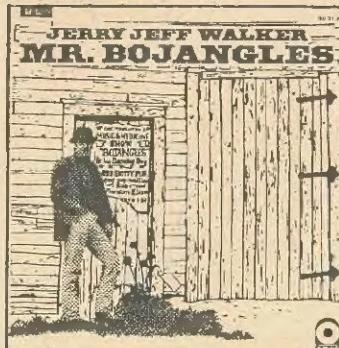
vet Underground, on more or less a week-by-week basis. Family Dog President Chet Helms plans yet another appeal of the license revocation.

Their eviction from the ballroom carries a November 30 deadline. Helms' strategy is to continue operations as long as possible, and physically resist any attempt at eviction.

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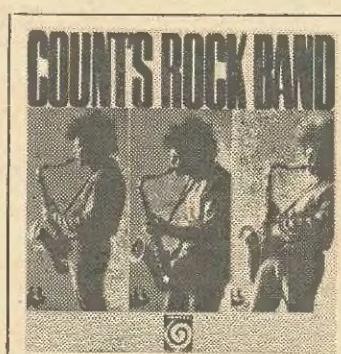
JERRY JEFF WALKER
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Random Notes

Lewis MacAdams, recently hired as a budget rate promotion man for the new Vanguard-Apostolic record label, has come up with some of the wierdest publicity ideas since Dr. Jekyll turned into Mr. Hyde. Given a \$250 budget to work on five singles by four groups, he has arranged the following schemes: for an "acid hillbilly" duo named George and Benny, MacAdams has purchased one gross of corn cob pipes, stamped the artists' names on the side and instilled hash filters in the pipe bowls; for two groups, the Far Cry and the Gospel, he scoured costume shops for sets of rubber ears mounted on cardboard plaques, then punched holes in the ears and tied strings coming out of each ear with booklets at the end of the strings describing each act; and for a single titled "Saigon Girls," he has gotten a hold of 200 surgical rubber gloves, imprinted the name of the act and the record under the thumb, on the tip of which digit is red paint simulating blood. If this approach catches on, we start receiving shrunken heads of the Young Rascals.

* * *

One of the most unfortunate and frightening coincidences of the past months was the loss of John and Yoko's first child together and Marianne Faithfull and Mick Jagger's child, each within twenty-four hours of the other in London. During the same time, Derek Taylor, the Beatles' long time friend and secular-relations man, lost what would have been his sixth or seventh child when his wife miscarried too.

* * *

Aretha Franklin seems to be persevering through hardship with incredible inner strength. Recently separated from her husband and manager, Ted White, she has been accompanied on tour and in Detroit by her brother, the Reverend Cecil Franklin. On her recent visit to Hawaii, she suffered a blood-clot in her leg during a sailing accident. Despite the pain and danger of it, she performed on schedule in Honolulu, in a cast and from a wheel chair. In early November, while in Seattle for a SRO concert at the Seattle arena, she did a free performance at the federal penitentiary on McNeil Island in Puget Sound, accompanied by the Drifters and Sweethearts of Soul who appeared with her.

The prison show was the project of KIRO disc jockey Don Clark who had been trying for some time to interest entertainers visiting Seattle in appearing at the prison. Miss Franklin was the one who agreed to do it. The 1,129 prisoners who attended her show in the mess hall gave her four standing ovations.

According to Miss Franklin, "You really have to pour yourself out to an audience like that. They were so nice and appreciative. They reminded me of London audiences."

* * *

Grace Slick was wearing blackface makeup when she sang "Crown of Creation" on the Smothers Brothers television program. She also raised her fist, gloved in black, in the Black Panther salute at the end. Just putting you through changes, America—it gives a new perspective on those lyrics, doesn't it? "Also," she told Cashbox, "women wear makeup all the time, so why not black? Next time I might wear green. Besides, I think it very weird to have blue eyes and a black face. And . . . there weren't any Negroes on the show and I thought the quota needed adjustment."

* * *

Cream received a platinum record for the *Wheels of Fire* set a fortnight ago, commemorating \$2 million worth of sales. The awards were made during their sell-out farewell to the USA concert in Madison Square Garden (now quite a round affair indeed!) Sources at Atlantic Records (sounds mysterious, don't it?) said that the most recent quarterly royalty check for Cream, sent last week, exceeded \$400,000. Great *Wheels of Fire!*

Their next LP will be another double-record set, one of them including live performances from a half a dozen dates on their just-finished farewell tour. The other two sides are being done in a Hollywood studio with producer Felix Pappalardi.

In the current (March 1969) issue of Hit Parader Magazine, Eric Clapton was interviewed by Pete Johnson on the reasons for the break-up of the Cream. Johnson asked Clapton if he had "become aware of limitations to the trio structure in terms of what you would like to be doing." This is Clapton's response, in toto:

"Yeah, because every time I did a recording with the Cream, I would make a backing track of me playing guitar, as you've read in ROLLING STONE, and then I would overdo lead on that. So obviously I was, from the start, discontented with the line-up. Did you read, by the way, that article in ROLLING STONE, the one where they interviewed me and then put the whole band down on the next page?

"That was an event in my life. I can't believe it even to this day. I was reading that in Boston. I opened it, read the thing and it was all ego, ego in the interview, coming on really strong. And I turned the page and looked at the review and at that particular moment I just completely crashed inside, everything I believed fell to bits and I passed out later that evening in a restaurant and was taken home. A nervous breakdown scene.

"The motivation behind it seems to be very destructive. He [Jann Wenner] is parenthetically credited here, but the particular article referred to by Clapton was written by Jon Landau, a live review, before Werner's infamous put-down of *Wheels of Fire* said that I am the master of the cliche. That's what he called me. That was one of the reasons I thought 'The band is gone, forget the band, forget it all.'

* * *

The Jean-Luc Godard film *The Airplane* is making with Eldridge Cleaver has gotten off to a start with a police confrontation. *The Airplane* was giving an impromptu concert for the cast on the roof of the Leacock-Pennebaker studio on West 45th Street in New York. Noise complaints brought cops, and in a short while actor Rip Torn was arrested for "shoving" a policeman, and Leacock-Pennebaker president Thaddeus Holt and one of his staff were taken into custody. All this while Godard was catching the whole sequence on film, and he intends to put it in the movie. Funny, there was studio fire while Godard was filming the Stones in *One Plus One*. Either Godard is in unbelievably lame prop gimmicks, or his vibrations are super-weird.

* * *

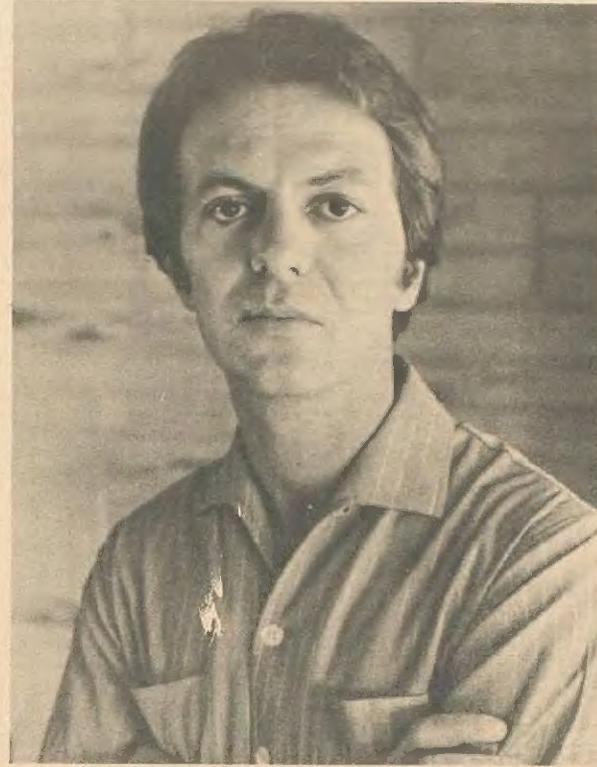
Mike Bloomfield has just finished producing a new Otis Rush album for Atlantic Records. Michael took Otis down to Muscle Shoals, to cut in the same studio (Fame) and with the same musicians that have backed Wilson Pickett and Aretha Franklin. The whole thing was arranged by Jerry Wexler, who says that Bloomfield's charts and arrangements and the original material Bloomfield wrote for Rush borders on genius, if not the real thing.

* * *

Steve Paul, proprietor, entrepreneur and namesake for his Steve Paul Scene, read the Texas cover story in our last issue, "caught a vibration" off the stuff about fabled albino Texas bluesmen Johnny Winter, and shortly thereafter was on a jet from New York to San Antonio.

It took a lot of phone calls and detective work, but finally Paul tracked down Winter in Houston, took another jet there, hooked up with him, rapped for hours, heard Winter's recordings and—though Paul didn't catch him in performance—says: "With some people you can just tell. This cat's got to be a phenomenal performer. He's got that charisma, that thing."

Paul likened Winter to Jimi Hendrix in impact. So now Paul's flying him to New York so folks in the big town can get to know Winter and Winter them. The relationship is that Paul now serves as Winter's friend and counselor, though Paul has hopes it will mature into a managerial function. Paul's not rushing it with Winter at present, but says: "This kid is going to be big. It's really going to happen, soon as people get a chance to hear him."



Dion: 'Today I Think I Got a Chance'

BY RITCHIE YORKE

NORTH MIAMI—After a six year battle with drugs, singer Dion DiMucci has his pointed Italian shoes firmly planted on the comeback trail. His sociologically slanted single, "Abraham Martin and John," is one of the fastest rising hits in the world. He has appeared on the Smothers Brothers show performing that song, and doing a number with Donovan.

Dion hasn't given a newspaper interview in six years. It wasn't that no one cared about Dion; it was just that he'd rather the real story remain hidden. All sorts of shady rumors went the rounds, but Dion kept quiet and the ensuing adventures of the Rolling Stones and others became more absorbing for rock fans.

As everyone knows, the times have changed, and so, we learn, has Dion. Eight weeks ago, he recorded Dick Holler's "Abraham Martin and John." A month later, Laurie Records (Dion's first label before he went to Columbia and then to obscurity) released the single.

A soft ballad totally removed from Dion's rock rock days of "Runaround Sue," the song has already reached the Top Ten, and seems destined to hit No. One within the fortnight.

Located this week at his home here, Dion consented to discuss for the first time those six lost years. He seemed slightly flustered, a trifle on edge, not quite sure of himself:

"You'll have to excuse my being a little mixed up," he opened, "but my wife's baby is two weeks overdue, and I think she's about to have it."

"That kid must have callouses on its hand, the way it's been hangin' on. I've been working on some music, trying to get myself straightened out. I've fallen out with the drugs—they got in the way of my music back in '62, and they got in the way of my life too."

"It was kinda like stuffing the wrong card in a computer, when you're stickin' those artificial stimulants in your arm."

Has he then kicked the habit? "Well man," he said after an over long pause, "today I think I got a chance of makin' it. Today, it looks good. Tomorrow, you never know. I'll tell you this thought—it's good to work with other musicians, and get back into the business. It's something I really have to do."

I asked him to recall the particular occasion which caused him to throw in the towel six years ago. "Man, I can't get the time together yet. I'm still fitting the jigsaw puzzle together from then."

Dion, who swears he's still 29 ("I'm getting older man, a little less hair, a

little less pot"), seems more dismayed than excited about the spectacular rise of "Abraham Martin and John."

"Dick Holler wrote the song a few days after Bobby Kennedy was shot. When the Laurie guys first played it for me, I didn't know if I could do the song. I liked it, but I couldn't get to it. But I stayed with it, and we cut it in New York a couple of months ago. I haven't met Dick yet, gonna meet him in a few days."

"I agree with the sentiment of the song. It's a beautiful thought. It's a love song, man," he added, emphatically, as though that might be hard to believe.

"John Abbott, a young cat from New Orleans, arranged it, and got that Southern soul sound."

Fans of the old Dion will recall how he sank deeper and deeper into the down-home blues scene before his retirement; probably indicative of his state of mind at the time. Even now, the blues has him firmly by the guitar strings.

"I remember meeting this guy John Herman at Columbia who introduced me to records of Robert Johnson, the blues singer who died in the late Thirties. They were songs about real things; it made me realize my stuff had been kinda on the surface. I listened to a lot of blues. They're very lyrical, the self expression in the music is fantastic. They took me through a lot of changes."

"The problem is though man that a lot of blues song melodies sound the same. You gotta put some kinda melody to the blues lyrics. After all, if you're singing a sad song, it makes the sadness sorta bearable if it has a pretty tune."

While Dion was absent from Broadway and Sunset Strip, he did occasionally turn up, more often than not stoned, at places such as Friar's Tavern in Toronto. Fans found him disappointing, drunks thought he was just another kid making a lot of noise about nothing. No one realized the tremendous battle he was engaged in.

"I guess I'm knocked out by the success of 'Abraham.' It's nice to know it's hit, 'cos it's a nice thought. It feels good, man. Things are kinda cool right now. We—the family, we've got a little girl and this other one that's due any minute—moved down here about eight months ago."

"I've been doin' a few appearances at The Flick coffee house here in Miami. Then I went out and did the Smothers Brothers Show with Donovan this week. He's a talented guy."

"Things have really changed in the music business since I was in there. The

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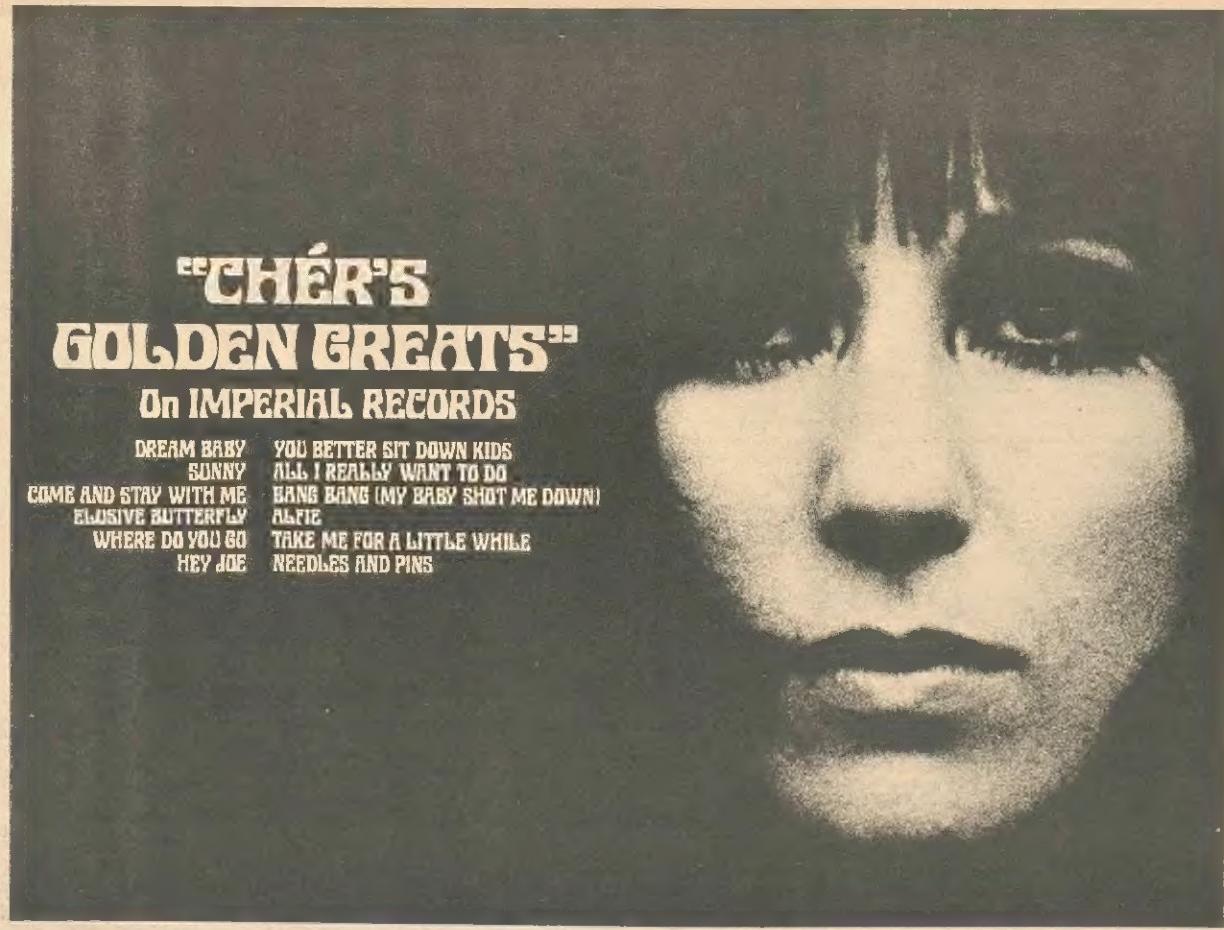
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"CHÉR'S GOLDEN GREATS"

On IMPERIAL RECORDS

DREAM BABY	YOU BETTER SIT DOWN KIDS
SUNNY	ALL I REALLY WANT TO DO
COME AND STAY WITH ME	BANG BANG (MY BABY SHOT ME DOWN)
ELUSIVE BUTTERFLY	ALFIE
WHERE DO YOU GO	TAKE ME FOR A LITTLE WHILE
HEY JOE	NEEDLES AND PINS





B BE BEAT BEATLES BEATLES TLE LES ES

BY JANN WENNER

The power of rock and roll is a constantly amazing process. Although it is Bob Dylan who is the single most important figure in rock and roll; and although it is the Rolling Stones who are the embodiment of a rock and roll band; it is nonetheless Our Boys, The Beatles, who are the perfect product and result of everything that rock and roll means and encompasses.

Never has this been so plainly evident as on their new two-album set, *The Beatles* (Apple SWBO 101). Whatever else it is or isn't, it is the best album they have ever released, and only the Beatles are capable of making a better one. You are either hip to it, or you ain't.

The impact of it is so overwhelming that one of the ideas of the LP is to contain every part of extant Western music through the all-embracing medium of rock and roll, that such categorical and absolute statements are imperative. Just a slightly closer look shows it to be a far more deliberate, self-conscious, pretentious, organized and structured, coherent and full, *more perfect* album than *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*.

Sgt. Pepper's applied the concept of the symphony to rock and roll, adding an incredible (and soon overused) dimension to rock and roll. Nothing could

have been more ambitious than the current release: *The Beatles* is the history and synthesis of Western music. And that, of course is what rock and roll is, and that is what the Beatles are.

Rock and roll, the first successful art form of the McLuhan age, is a series of increasing hybrids of musical styles, starting from its basic hybrid of country and western music and black American music (blues, if you will). That merger represents the distantly effected marriage of the music of England and Africa, a yin and yang that could be infinitely extended.

Not only the origin of rock and roll, but also the short history of it can be seen as a series of hybridizations, the constantly changing styles and fads, as rock assimilates every conceivable musical style (folk, blues, soul, Indian, classical, psychedelic, ballad, country) not only a recent process, but one that goes back to the Drifters, Elvis Presley, Little Richard, Buddy Holly, and so on. Rock and roll's longevity is its ability to assimilate the energy and style of all these musical traditions. Rock and roll at once exists and doesn't exist; that is why the term "rock and roll" is the best term we have, as it means nothing and thus everything—and that is quite possibly the musical and mystical secret of the most overwhelming popular music the world has known.

By attempting such a grandiose project with such deliberation and honesty, they have left themselves extremely vulnerable. There is not the dissembling of being "our boys" from *Hard Day's Night*, nor the disguise of *Sgt. Pepper's Band*; it is on every level an explanation and

an understanding of who and what the Beatles are.

As usual, the personal honesty is met with an attack. (The secret is that innocence is invulnerable, and those who rush too quickly for the kill, are just themselves dead.) On the level of musical ignorance, I read the very first review of this record that appeared; it was in the New York Times. In about 250 words the "critic" dismissed the album as being neither as good as the Big Brother *Cheep Thrills* LP nor as the forthcoming *Blood, Sweat and Tears* album. You come up with only one of two answers about that reviewer: he is either deaf or he is evil.

Those who attacked the Beatles for their single "Revolution," should be set down with a good pair of earphones for a listen to Side Four, where the theme of the single is carried out in two different versions, the latter with the most impact. And if the message isn't clear enough, "Revolution No. 9" is followed by "Goodnight."

To say the Beatles are guilty of some kind of revolutionary heresy is absurd; they are being absolutely true to their identity as it has evolved through the last six years. These songs do not deny their own "political" impact or desires, they just indicate the channelling for them.

Rock and roll has indeed become a style and a vehicle for changing the system. But one of the parts of the system to be changed is "politics" and this includes "new Left" politics. There is no verbal recognition required for the beautifully organized music concrete version of "Revolution." A good set of ear-

phones should deliver the message to those we have so far been able to reach. Maybe this album would be a good gift for them, "with love from me to you."

As to the Beatles, it is hard to see what they are going to do next. Like the success of their earlier albums and the success of all others in this field, whether original artists or good imitative ones, the success of it is based on their ability to bring these other traditions to rock and roll (and not vice versa, like the inevitable excesses of "folk-rock," "raga-rock" and "acid-rock") and especially in the case of Dylan, the Stones, the Beatles and to a lesser extent all the other good groups in rock and roll, the ability to maintain their own identity both as rock and roll and as the Beatles, or as Bob Dylan, or as the Rolling Stones, and so on.

Thus, the Beatles can safely afford to be eclectic, deliberately borrowing and accepting any outside influence or idea or emotion, because their own musical ability and personal/spiritual/artistic identity is so strong that they make it uniquely theirs, and uniquely the Beatles. They are so good that they not only expand the idiom, but they are also able to penetrate it and take it further.

"Back in the USSR," this album's first track, is, of course, a perfect example of all this: it is not just an imitation (only in parts) of the Beach Boys, but an imitation of the Beach Boys imitating Chuck Berry. This is hardly an original concept or thing to do: just in the past few months we have been deluged with talk of "going back to rock and roll," so much that the idea (first expressed in the pages of ROLLING STONE) is now a tiresome one.



because it is, like all other superficial changes in rock and roll styles, one that soon becomes faddish, over-used and tired-out.

In the past few months we have seen the Turtles doing *The Battle of the Bands* and Frank Zappa and the Mothers with their *Ruben and the Jets*. The Turtles were unable to bring it off (they had to ability to parody, but not the talent to do something new with the old style) and the Mothers were able to operate within a strictly circumscribed area with their usual heavy-handed satirization, a self-limiting process.

It is all open to the Beatles. It would be too simple to say that "Back In the USSR" is a parody, because it operates on more levels than that: it is fine contemporary rock and roll and a fine performance thereof; it is also a superb commentary on the United States S.R., hitting every insight—"honey, disconnect the phone." As well as a parody, it's also a Beatles song.

The song is undoubtedly the result of Paul McCartney's three trips to the United States in 1968 before the album was made (not including a four day visit to New York this past November after the album was done). It is the perfect introductory song for this set. What follows is a trip through the music of the US (SR).

From here on, much of the material is from India, songs the Beatles came back with after their sojourn at the Maharishi's table. "Dear Prudence" is about a girl the Beatles met while meditating in India. The Beatles were always trying to get her to come out of her room to play, and this is about her.

"Looking through a Glass Onion" is,

of course, the Beatles on the subject of the Beatles. Whatever they may feel about people who write about their songs and read things into them, it has undoubtedly affected them, eating away at their foundations and always forcing that introspection and that second thought. And so here is a song for all those trying to figure it out—don't worry, John's telling you right here, while he is rolling another joint.

Part of the phenomenal talents of the Beatles is their ability to compose music that by itself carries the same message and mood as the lyrics. The lyrics and the music not only say the same thing, but are also perfectly complementary. This comes also with the realization that rock and roll is *music*, not literature, and that the music is the most important aspect of it.

"Obladi Obloida," where they take one of the familiar calypso melodies and beats, is a perfect example. And it's not just a calypso, but a rock and roll calypso with electric bass and drums. Fun music for a fun song about fun. Who needs answers? Not Molly or Desmond Jones, they're married with a diamond ring and kids and a little "Obladi Obloida." All you need is Obladi Obloida.

"Wild Honey Pie" makes a nice tribute to psychedelic music and allied forms

"Bungalow Bill," the mode of the Saturday afternoon kiddie shows, is a tribute to a cat the Beatles met in Marrakesh, an American tiger hunter ("the All American bullet headed saxon mother's son"), who was there accompanied by his mother. He was going out hunting, and this song couldn't put the American in better context, with his cartoon serial morality of killing.

"While My Guitar Gently Weeps" is one of George Harrison's very best songs. There are a number of interesting things about it: the similarity in mood to "Blucjay Way" recalls California, the simple Baja California beat, the dreamy words of the Los Angeles haze, the organic pace lapping around every room as if in invisible waves.

Harrison's usual style, in lyrics, has been a slightly self righteous and preaching approach, which we have here again. One cannot imagine it being a song about a particular person or incident, rather a general set of incidents, a message, like a sermon, impersonally directed to everyone.

And this song speaks at still another level, the very direct one of the title: it is a guitarist's song about his guitar, how and why and what it is that he plays. The music mimics the linear, continuous line of the lead guitarist. It is interesting to note that the song opens with a piano imitating the sound of an electric guitar playing the heavily Spanish lead line well before the guitar picks up the lead. I am willing to bet something substantial that the lead guitarist on this cut is Eric Clapton, yet another involution of the circular logic on which this song so superbly constructed as a musical piece.

The title, "Happiness Is A Warm Gun," comes from an advertisement John read in an American rifle magazine. That makes this track the first cousin of "Revolution." The three parts of it; the break into the wonderful 1954 C-AM-P-G style of rock and roll, with appropriate "Bang Bang, choo, choo." What can you say about this song except what is obvious?

Part of the success of the Beatles is their ability to make everything they do understandable and acceptable to all listeners. One needn't have an expert acquaintance to dig what they are doing and what they are saying. The other half of letting rock and roll music be receptive of every other form and style of music, is that rock and roll must be perfectly open and accessible to every listener, fulfilling the requirement of what it is—a popular art.

Paul demonstrates throughout the album his incredible talent as one of the most prolific and professional songwriters in the world today. It's embarrassing how good he is, and embarrassing how he can pull off the perfect melody and arrangement in any genre you would care to think of.

Just name it and Paul will do it, like say, for instance, a love song about a dog in the Gilbert and Sullivan style, with a little ragtime, a little baroque thrown in. "Martha, My Dear," about Paul's English sheepdog of the same name, with hairy puns ("when you find yourself in the thick of it") and all. And of course, it works on the level of the send-up and also as an inherently good song, standing fully on its own merits.

"Blackbird" is one of those beautiful Paul McCartney songs in which the yin-yang of love is so perfectly fitted: the joy and sorrow, always that ironic taste of sadness and melancholy in the lyric and in the minor notes and chords of the melody (remember—"Yesterday," "Eleanor Rigby," "Good Day Sunshine," prominently among many.) The irony makes it so much more powerful.

Not only irony: these songs and

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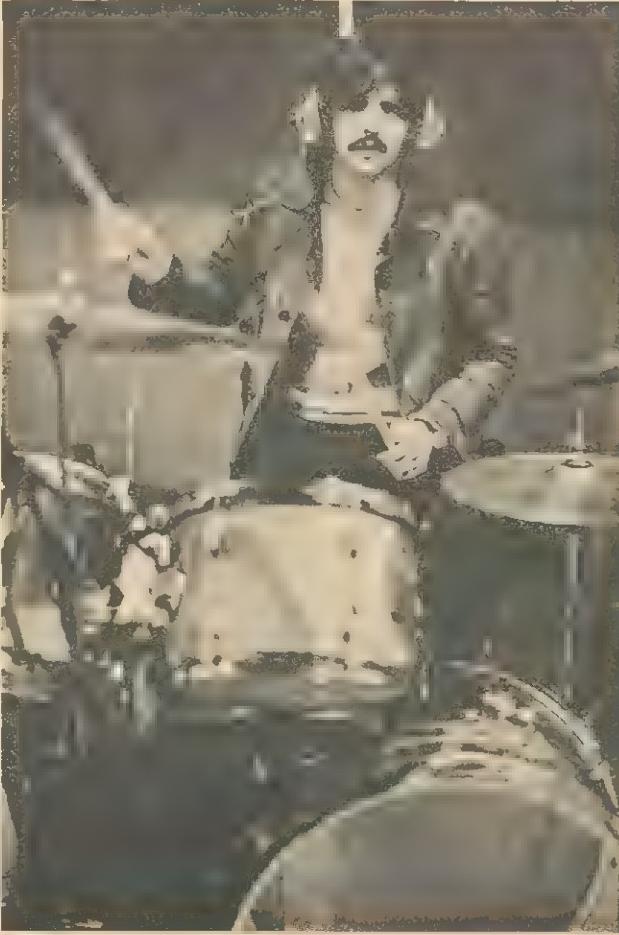


PHOTOGRAPH BY LINDA EASTMAN

Continued from Preceding Page

"Blackbird" share other qualities—the simplicity and sparseness of instrumentation (even with strings) make them penetrate swiftly and universally. This one is done solely with an acoustic guitar. And of course there is the lyric. "Take these sunken eyes and learn to see; All your life you were only waiting for this moment to be free."

"Rocky Raccoon" is another one of those McCartney offhand tour-de-force's. Perhaps the Mound City Blues Blowers, circa 1937? Paul is so incredibly versatile not only as a writer, but also as a singer and a musician. Dig the vocal scatting, the saloon-hall piano; then the perfect phrasing, enunciation, the slurring (as in the phrase "I'm gonna get that boy..."). The song is so funny and yet dig the lyrics: "To shoot off the legs



of his rival." Not just to kill, mind you, but to maim. And so why does this song come off so funny? Death is funny.

"I Will" is simply another romantic ballad from Paul's pen. He uses every available musical device and cliché avail able—melodies, instrumentations, arrangements, harmonies, everything—and he does something entirely original, entirely enjoyable, entirely professional.

If Paul can do songwriting as easily as some people do crossword puzzles (and that is not to say that he is haphazard or careless, because Paul has allowed himself to display his absolute professional ability with song to a point that it can only be seen as a form of personal honesty), John's songs are agonizing personal statements. They are painful to hear.

"Julia" is a song to his mother, whom John saw killed in a car accident when he was 14 years old. It is the most emotionally revealing piece on the album. The whole world has been witness to the personal lives of the Beatles, and it seems that a record album is the most appropriate place for such a message, sung to, sung for, his mother. And as always, John is protected by his innocence.

"I'm So Tired" begins in the manner of the late night jazz singer ("I wonder should I get up and fix myself a drink") if not, again, one of the many early styles of rock and roll with those ele-

gantly placed electric guitar chops. And again, it uses this only as a base, a take-off point to go on into completely modern, extremely powerful choruses: "You know, I'd give you everything I've got for a little peace of mind," where everything—arrangement, vocal, instruments, melody—perfectly evokes the agony of the plea.

David Dalton says of this song: "It reminds me of how many changes John has gone through since he was the plump cheeky leader of the Fab Four. Jesus Christ, Sgt. Pepper leading the Children's Crusade through Disneyland; a voyage to India as victims of their own propaganda; Apple, a citadel of Mammon . . . Even two years ago, the image of Lennon as a martyr would have seemed ludicrous, but as his trial approaches, a gaunt spiritual John hardly recognizable as his former self emerges. This metamorphosis has taken place only at the cost of an incredible amount of energy, and the weariness of this song seems to fall like the weight of gravity."

Other songs on side two include one by George and one by Ringo. George's "Piggies" is an amazing choice to follow "Blackbird," with such an opposite mood and message; "Blackbird" so encouraging, "Piggies" so smug (though accurate: "what they need's a damn good wheeling"), Hal By comparison, both "Piggies" and Ringo's polka, "Don't Pass Me By" (trust Ringo to find the C&W music of any culture) are weak material against some of the superb numbers, although on their own, they're totally groovy.

But it brings forward two interesting points: neither Paul's near-genius ability with notes nor John's rock and rolling edge of honesty are *sine qua non* for the Beatles. The taste and sense of rightness in their music, to choose the perfect musical setting, the absolutely right instrument, are just as important.

The second is that there is almost no attempt in this new set to be anything but what the Beatles actually are: John, Paul, George and Ringo. Four different people, each with songs and styles and abilities. They are no longer Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band, and it is possible that they are no longer the Beatles.

When they get together, it's "Why Don't We Do It In The Road," which—



whatever else it may sound like tain't nothin' but a Beatles field holler.

This is one of many observations to be made about this album. It is at once both their simplest (plain white cover) and yet most complex effort to date.

Someone will do the work, and maybe come up with a list of old and new rock and roll songs and styles which each of these tracks is supposed to be based on. "Birthday" might be Hendrix or Cream, maybe even Larry Williams. The point is that it is, like "Heiter Skelter" and "Everybody's Got Something to Hide" as well, all of these, the very best traditional and contemporary elements in rock and roll brightly are suffused into the Beatles. The "hard rock" aspect of the Beatles is one often overlooked and neglected, often times purposely in the attempt to get them to be something they are not. They are a rock and roll band, after all, and they can do that thing. The straight rock is some of their most exciting and mature material (They don't, however, cut the best of the Stones or of the Who).

If "Birthday" is based on, say, the guitar licks of Jimi Hendrix or Clapton, it takes what is best from it and uses it in its own fashion, perfectly within context and joined with something new in rock and roll sound recording, which in this case is the wavering piano sound, obtained by using the leak-



age from the original piano track onto an empty track as the final take for the mix.

In "Everybody's Got Something to Hide Except Me and My Monkey," all the old elements of the Beatles are brought back, right up to date, including use of all the old fashions and conventions in such a refreshingly new manner.

Take the structure of the song, for example, it is based on the old I-IV-V twelve-bar progression in approach, but in actuality they never do the old thing. From IV they go to VII. When they get back to V after that, they take the most unusual way—in sound and melody—to get back to I. They also use those old Beatle harmonic tones. (By way of comparison, see this song against what Steppenwolf is now popular at doing with this same material).

"Helter Skelter" is again both traditional and contemporary—and excellent. The guitar lines behind the title words, the rhythm guitar track layering the whole song with that precisely used fuzz-tone, and Paul's gorgeous vocal. Lord, what a singer! Man, you can't sit still. No wonder you have blisters on your fingers.

As completely wide-open eyed artists, sensitive like all others in McLuhanville, they are of course caught up and reactive in their music of what's happening around them, especially the recent scenes they have been through.

Many of these songs—if not the vast majority of them—were written while the Beatles were with the Maharishi. "Everybody's Got Something to Hide" is certainly reflective of it in its lyric. "Sexy Sadie" is the Maharishi. The harmonies and other vocal lines are exquisite, especially the "s's." The lyrics and the vocal delivery are so sincere and yet so sarcastic. John is still John.

"You may be a lover, but you can't no dancer." What a choice for the next track.

Another very deliberate parody is "Yer Blues," a song that does away with most all of this "blues revival" nonsense out of Great Britain these days. With the exceptions of Eric Clapton, the Jeff Beck Group, and maybe one or two as-yet unfamous individuals, the Beatles are simply better at it. And that makes it so ludicrous.

The organ riff at the end of the last

chorus so perfectly tells the whole story: it is based on the very boring and repetitious style of these new blues musicians who will pound the shit out of some mediocre change or short riff as if it is the riff which has got them to such incredible heights of feeling and style.

The Beatles of course, make it interesting, because it is so stylistically in context with the piece in which it is set. Same with the opening lyric "Yes I'm lonely wanna die." The line "black cloud crossed my mind" is in phrasing and content a parody of the "black cat crossed my path," and yet a good line by itself and as part of this song.

Forgetting the parody for a moment, it's a very good modern rock and roll blues. Dig the lines "My mother was of the sky/My father was of the earth/But I am of the universe/And you know what it's worth."

Getting back to the message (even in the title), here's Mr. Dalton again, on the English blues scene:

"The trendy transvestites of the English blues scene: Pretentious and ludicrously out of context; drawing room blues singers have created a cult of the blues bordering on intellectual snobbery and purism. It is hard to imagine anything more incongruous: the English blues fans fanatically demand a group for adding horns, filling out in the audience at the Blues Festival. Mr. Jones

Beales refer to in this song) to be Dylan's grisly portrait of the folk purist, with his intellectual hang-ups, who could not accept the brash commercial forces of rock and roll. The blues purist who looks down on Soul Music as a debased commercial form is just Mr. Jones in a sheepskin jacket."

If you take any one of these songs and really get down with it, to where every piece of excellence and craftsmanship is explained and understood fully (and it's always just as good, and always even better, when you do), whatever you say about that one song is true for the rest.

"Revolution No. 1" is a better piece, in texture and substance, than the single, although the latter was better as a single. "No. 1" carries the message more easily and more successfully. The horns at the end are a gas, and even, I think, a little



"Daytripper" by George on the left earphone.

"Honey Pie" is another one of those perfect Paul McCartney evocations of a whole musical era, understanding the essence so finely, that it could be as good as the original. Lovin' the rhymes: crazy-lazy, tragic-magic frantic-Atlantic. He not only is able to re-create such moods and eras with his melody, his words, his arrangements, instrumentation, but also with his voice. He is equally expert in all these areas.

"Honey Pie" is also a more sophisticated version of "When I'm 64," just as "Savoy Truffle" is a more sophisticated look at "Lucy in the Sky With Diamonds," and "Back in the USSR," a more sophisticated "Sgt. Pepper." It is unlikely that "With A Little Help From My Friends" will ever be topped as a song for Ringo. The question is whether they are better songs. I am inclined to think so, but only the acquaintance of time will tell, and it doesn't really matter anyway.

If these are weaker songs, they are the only flaws of this album set. It is a relatively minor point, and considered at a longer view, an almost irrelevant one. No creative persons in history were able to match their own brilliance with

absolute consistency.

"Cry Baby Cry," hits me at first as a throwaway, but the further acquaintance says this: another top-notch Beatles song. Every time they are exploring and opening new possibilities and combinations. Every time they make them work.

So many factors enter into the success of the Beatles in what they do. Some of them have been touched on. In addition to everything else, they are excellent musicians (Ringo's drumming on this LP is his best, and among the very best to be heard on any rock and roll record; George's leads are continually well-placed, well-written and well-played). We see them all in their varied strengths on this record.

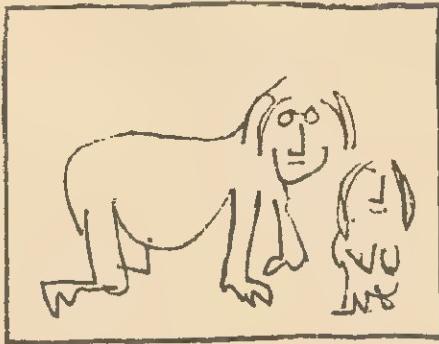
In short, it is the new Beatles record and fulfills all our expectations of it. In general, you could say that this new release (excellent) stands in the same relationship to *Sgt. Pepper* (incredible) as *Revolver* (excellent) was to *Rubber Soul* (incredible). And that is to say, the next one ought to be incredible.

Good night Sleep tight.

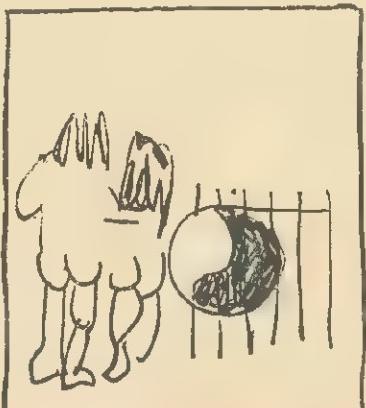
I would like to acknowledge my indebtedness to David Dalton for his ideas and thoughts on The Beatles



SO I WAS A VEGETARIAN SO I WAS SLOW...



SO I READ THIS BOOK



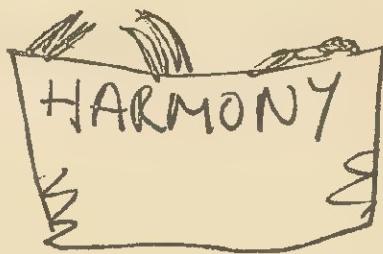
SO I WENT TO GREGS



SO I DID TEN DAYS RICE



SO I WAS FAST



SO I READ THIS

A Short Essay On
Macrobiotics
From
John Lennon

Asked to write a review of a new magazine of macrobiotic diets, titled *Harmony*, John Lennon did these drawings. "Greg's" is the health food store in London. The drawings might remind you of a certain well-known album cover.



SO WE ALL NEED HARMONY

*John Lennon
Nov. 7 '68*

CINEMA

Two Virgins and *Number Five*, by Yoko Ono and John Lennon

If that's what it is, then that's a heavy idea, but who needs it?—Young man with a mandolin, on having *Number Five* described to him while standing in the sun.

BY ROGER EBERT

Two Virgins and *Number Five* were both filmed by Yoko Ono and John Lennon one afternoon in John's garden when the sun was yellow and the grass was green. The movies had their world premieres on November 14 at the Chicago International Film Festival—at midnight—and it was one of those Chicago nights, with an ugly little rainstorm blown back and forth by a big wind. You could think of the films as a communication from that one afternoon to that evening.

Number Five is exactly as advertised, about three minutes of John Lennon's face filmed in a very high speed process (20,000 frames per minute) and then slowed down so that it takes about 92 minutes to screen. The motion is so slow as to be nearly imperceptible: from time to time John's lips move, he sticks out his tongue, his eyebrows raise and lower, and toward the end he smiles. The tides at the beginning say, among other things:

Light: Garden.

Sound: John Lennon.

Instruction: Bring your own instrument.

—and Lennon invited the Chicago premiere audience to provide its own sounds.

The Chicago audience wasn't quite up to this (no intact pop groups came, in any event, although that might have been missing the idea). What happened was happy and interesting, though not necessarily complementary to the movie. People brought guitars, mandolins, banjos, trombones, trumpets, jew's harps, harmonicas, flutes, recorders, combs, musical fans and Halloween noisemakers, and worked out with no effort at coordination.

A young pied piper with a recorder led a march around the theater. The comb blowers made like police sirens. One participant got up on stage and moved a microphone so it was directly in front of John's motionless lips, as if he were speaking into it. Loud cheers. Someone with an umbrella got up on the stage and pretended to fly across it, like Mary Poppins. Two freaks with umbrellas met in the center of the stage and shook hands solemnly.

John began to purse his lips in ghostly fashion. Timultuous applause. There were baskets of white crysanthemums ringing the stage, and several girls threw flowers out over the heads of the audience. The manager of the Playboy theater appeared and asked that no more people get on the stage. Loud boos and cries of "Up against the wall, motherfucker." Someone on stage took out his handkerchief and wiped John's nose.

The success of the first slogan inspired people to shout others: "Fuck the pigs," "Remember the Pueblo," "Nixon's the One," "Jesus, the Light of the World," "We Love Mayor Daley." Loud laughter, applause, tumult. A butterfly appeared on the screen and flew ever so slowly across it. A group of people began singing "Home on the Range." The manager appeared again, and four kids chanted in unison: "Eek, it's a Blue Meanie." Paper airplanes flew. One young man jumped up on the screen and felt it to see if it were there, moving his hands in what appeared to be a deliberate parody of the scene in Godard's *Les Carabiniers*.

Organ music (Ken Griffin?) came from the house sound system. At first this was interpreted as the management's attempt to drown out the audience noise. But Michael J. Kutz, Jr., director of the film festival, said, no, the music was intended as a contribution to the general scene. And so it was taken. Uri Zohar, the Israeli director of *Every Bastard a King* (he later won the festival's best director award) stood at the back of the theater and said, "I would make movies like this but I don't have the material."

The organ played "Love Me or Leave Me." And a lot of the audience started to walk out. One curious thing. The audience seemed about evenly divided be-



tween people who came prepared to dig John and Yoko's new thing, and people who apparently expected some sort of conventional Beatles movie. The latter were couples with suits, ties, dresses, etc., eared at being "put on," and the girls insisted their dates retrieve one of the white mums so they could wear it as a corsage. Just like a football game: your team loses but you go home with a souvenir.

On the screen, a jet plane could be heard passing. Wandering through the audience, almost getting swept up in the Piper's parade, one overheard a lovely sentence from a conversation perhaps inspired by "Two Virgins": "In an indescribable way, the shape and feel of a girl's breasts are exactly like her personality." People were sitting on the edge of the stage now, staring back at the audience, a whole row of small faces underneath the large face, all staring. Lennon smiled again, wider than the first time. Somewhat later, his lower lip disappeared, drawn up into his mouth, his upper teeth hanging over. And then the film was over. Shouts of "more!"

It was hard to separate the *Number*

Five from what happened in theater. Perhaps that was the idea; the film was a living portrait on the wall, looking down benevolently on the band of merry-makers in the theater, so that this was a mystical experience, carried on before the most venerated mass image and cultural icon of our time.

Number Five was preceded by *Two Virgins*, which is the better film. It begins with a series of faces—John's and Yoko's—sliding in and out of focus, so that first you see one, then the other, and for much of the time you see both faces at once. This is done in such a way that the faces merge, and features of one become features of the other. Mouths fade into other mouths, eyes become each other's eyes, and from time to time John looks at the camera and smiles with sly cunning, as if to say: I see you seeing me do this.

The first section of the 19-minute film belongs to a well-established genre of the underground, the portrait. You use the film with as much insight as possible to make a portrait of someone in the way that you know him, trying to find the angles of his face, his way of mov-

ing and smiling, that you are aware of even if he is not. The first section of *Two Virgins* becomes a portrait of two lovers, and because of the double-exposure and the use of focus one face is always seen through the other face.

During this passage, the sound track hovers somewhere between fantasy and an actual recording of the sounds in the garden that afternoon. We hear whistles, calls, scratches of distant dialogue. We see flickers of light glances off the screen, and we hear weird cries that might come from the bright birds of some steamy jungle. We hear a strange percussion instrument with an unfamiliar scale of notes, something Harry Partch might have invented. We hear a yawn, and the far-away rattle of what sounds like a toy machine-gun.

We hear piano chords, and then low, moaning notes that sound like the bass strings of a steel guitar played back at a slower speed. And then the piano again, but the chords this time are played almost as a bored child would play them on a quiet Sunday afternoon.

Then the picture changes (the only cut in either film) to two silhouettes against the sky. John and Yoko, who move toward each other in slow motion. They kiss, caress, run their fingers through each other's hair, and his hand cups her breast. There are other bits of dialogue, so distant they sound like nostalgic echoes from the 1930s: "It's just me home for a cup of tea," a man's voice says. Time passes. A little girl cries softly: "Fuck youuuu." There is a steam whistle, snatches of old songs, and the sounds of birds.

Two Virgins is a quiet, innocent, unpretentious film, and in a peculiar way the subject matter is just exactly described by the title. The film will doubtless find its way into the repertory of "basic" underground films with Nelson's "Oh, Dem Watermelons," Palazzolo's "O," Emshwiller's "Relativity" and Brakhage, Markopoulos, Anger and the rest.

Both films brought along a strong sense of *being there*. Most movies maintain their distance, as if they were made then and seen now, and in the audience you unconsciously establish distance in your mind. Godard has been trying to break down this distance by focusing attention on film itself rather than on what it portrays. In a Godard film it is not what the actors are doing that the movie is about, but the fact that a movie is being made about it.

—Continued on Page 30

Yoko Talks About It

Asked to comment upon the two movies she made with John Lennon, *Film No. 5* and *Two Virgins*, Yoko Ono responded with these comments, reflections and hopes for the future.

BY YOKO ONO

Last year, I said I'd like to make a "smile film" which included a smiling face snap of every single human being in the world. But that had obvious technical difficulties and was very likely that the plan would have remained as one of my beautiful never-nevers.

This year, I started off thinking of making films that were meant to be shown in a 100 years time, i.e. taking different city views, hoping that most of the buildings in them would be demolished by the time the film was released, shooting an ordinary woman with her full gear—knowing that in a 100 years' time, she'd look extraordinary, etc., etc. It's to apply the process of making vintage wine to film-making. This, in practice, would mean that as a film-maker, you don't really have to make a film anymore but just put your name (that is, if you so wish) on any film and store it. Storing would then become the main endeavour of a film-maker. But then, the idea started to get too conceptual. That's the trouble with all my strawberries. They tend to evaporate and I find myself lying on the floor doing nothing.

One afternoon, John and I went out in the garden and shot *Film No. 5*, the smile film, and *Two Virgins*. They were done in a spirit of home movies. In both films, we were mainly concerned about the vibrations the films send out—the kind that was between us. But, with *Film No. 5*, a lot of planning, working and talking out things had preceded the afternoon. For instance, I had thought of making *Film No. 5* into *Dr. Zhivago* and let it go on for 4 hours with an intermission and all that, but later de-

Continued on Page 30



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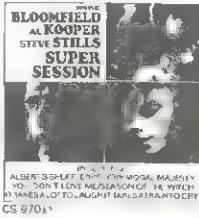
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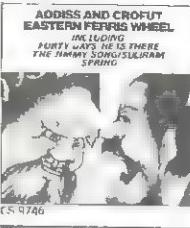


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BARRY WOMAN

LOU ADLER

BY JERRY HOPKINS

"I enjoy being involved in all aspects—surfing music, go-go music, protest music, folk-rock, whatever label they want to put on it. I don't want a time lapse where someone says, 'Well, that was the period of so-and-so music . . .' and I can't say, 'Yeah, well I had . . .' or 'Yeah, I was a part of it.'"

This is Lou Adler, a record producer, A&R man, record company executive, music publisher, budding movie producer and sometime personal manager who feels compelled to become involved with every musical "trend." For 10 years this has proved to be an extremely rewarding compulsion.

He has worked for half a dozen record companies and formed two of his own (selling one of them for \$3,000,000 last year). He has become one of the most successful music publishers in the business at least twice. He co-produced the Monterey Pop Festival. In 1967, Bill Gaynor named him Pop Music A&R Man of the Year. He has produced nearly 100 albums and singles, all but one of them going on the charts. (In 1966 he produced only 12 of them, but all 12 went Top 14 and four went to No. One.)

The story of Adler is at the top of the charts, the seventh time he has been there—with "Surf City" by Jan & Dean, "Memphis" and "Poor Side of Town" by Johnny Rivers, "Eve of Destruction" by Barry McGuire, "California Dreamin'" and "Monday Monday" by the Mamas and the Papas, and "San Francisco" by Scott McKenzie. The story covers a lot of rock history and represents probably more precisely than any other the story of California creativity—slick and/or commercial and/or good.

[A COLLEGE DROP-IN]

The chronicle began in 1957 when Adler was studying journalism at Los Angeles City College—enrolled without having graduated from a local high school, faking papers to get in—and one of his classmates was Herb Alpert, a young trumpet player who wanted to sing.

"At the time," Adler says, "I was dating Herb's wife, except they weren't married then, and it was through Sharon, I think, that Herb and I met. Herb asked me if I'd like to write some songs with him."

Adler said yes, the songs were written, and Alpert cut demo, which they took to Keane Records, Sam Cooke's label. Nothing happened to the demo, but Adler and Alpert were offered jobs in the company's A&R department, working under Bumps Blackwell.

Without Blackwell's constant supervision, Adler seems to have been left to his own devices—to write songs for and with Cooke, to go on the road with him, even to live with him. He never actually produced any of Cooke's records, but Cooke, he says today, "served as my instructor." With Cooke, Adler was for the first time exposed to men who had little or no musical education and played only what they felt. "I learned the language," Adler says. For Adler, this was Step One.

Step Two began when, while at Keane, he met Ian Barry, then half of the Jan & Dean team. As a favor he helped them with their material and so later when Barry found a new partner, Dean Torrance, Barry returned for more advice; Jan & Dean had re-

corded a demo in their garage and wanted to know what Adler thought of it. He liked the sound, he said, but didn't much care for the material, so helped them find their first hit, "Baby Talk." This record was produced as a demo by Adler and Alpert and quickly refused by Keane. Deciding they wanted to be independent of a label, anyway, they left Keane. This was in 1958.

"It's interesting how 'Baby Talk' was produced," Adler says now. "That first tape we heard of Jan & Dean's was done on an old Ampex tape recorder with a false echo, recorded in that garage. When we recorded 'Baby Talk,' we used the same garage and then took the tape into a studio and added musicians. This is just the opposite of what I usually do now, preferring to lay down the musical tracks and then bring the artist in."

They took the demo to Dore Records, a subsidiary of Era. (Era had Gogi Grant; Dore had the Teddy Bears, one of them the young Phil Spector.) Dore bought the master and although Jan & Dean were signed to the label, Adler and Alpert remained independent producers.

"It's interesting how 'Baby Talk' was produced," Adler says now. "That first tape we heard of Jan & Dean's was done on an old Ampex tape recorder with a false echo, recorded in that garage. When we recorded 'Baby Talk,' we used the same garage and then took the tape into a studio and added musicians. This is just the opposite of what I usually do now, preferring to lay down the musical tracks and then bring the artist in."



in the Rain" and "That's Old Fashioned" went Top-10 in Nashville.

In 1963—still associated with Jan & Dean and Alden—Adler found himself on LaCienega Boulevard, standing in line to get into a club to see a black comic, when he saw another club nearby.

"There was no line at that club and I thought we'd go there and wait," Adler says. "It was Gazzari's and inside was Johnny Rivers, in a suit, with a drummer. There was this strange feeling in there. Something was happening. It was like an adult Dick Clark show. Nobody had been dancing in California. I'd seen a little of it back East with the twist, but nothing here. At Gazzari's they were dancing."

"Johnny came up to me after the set and introduced himself. He said he was thinking it might be a good idea to cut a record live at the club and he wanted to know if I'd be interested. I said I'd cut it if Alden had first refusal, and we'd have to cut it on spec. He said sure, and I took a remote truck to Gazzari's."

"The strange thing was when we finished it, we found most of the noise I'd heard on the dance floor I'd really seen. People waving their arms, dancing, moving around . . . take that away and the noise level seems to go way down. Next time you're in what you think is a noisy club, close your eyes and see if you don't hear the audience level drop. You don't hear the audience at all. And this is what we wanted to hear in Johnny's album."

[HUSTLING SCENE IN THE STUDIO]

Adler had taken Step Four, had learned another lesson: Sometimes "reality" needs overdubbing to make it seem real. In this instance, he tried to recreate the atmosphere of Gazzari's inside a studio, packing it with tables and chairs and 150 people. The 150 were to clap and drink and cheer on cue and make the Rivers tape acceptable as a "live" album.

"What a scene!" Adler says. "I was going 'Take Two' and these people out there thought they were at Gazzari's and they were hustling chicks. At one point, one guy spotted Judy (Adler's secretary) in the booth and came in and started hustling her. At first it seemed to be fun for them, but after Take Two it was a drag, for everyone."

The album was finished, despite this, and taken to Don Kirshner, Adler's boss. (Alden's parent company was Colpix.) Kirshner said he didn't dig the feel," Adler says, his voice seeming to say: Kirshner sucks. (Kirshner has, since turning away Johnny Rivers, created the Monkees and the Archies and sponsored Boyce & Hart.) Adler told Kirshner he was something less than astute.

Adler's disagreement with Kirshner represented what was going on in his life. Adler was, he says now (revealing little of the emotion felt then), "experiencing problems with corporate infighting." "One day I walked into my office and two guys were behind my desk, guys who later turned out to be Koppelman and Rubin. I rummaged around and found a letter of dismissal. So I packed up my stuff and I left."

The Gazzari's tape was never released (Adler says Bill Gazzari sued) and the first "live" night club recording of the time came not from Johnny Rivers but Trini Lopez, and was recorded at another Los Angeles club, PJ's. The second, also recorded at PJ's, was produced by Adler and featured the sing-along sound of Jerry Wright. The record appeared on the charts and then bombed, but Adler's next was to represent the next of the trends.

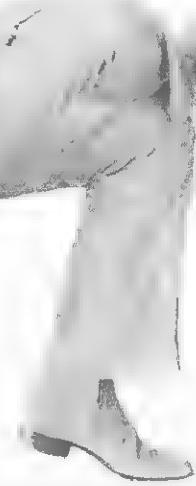
One of the owners of PJ's then was an ex-Chicago cop named Elmer Valentine. He had just sold his interest in PJ's and gone to Europe for a vacation. Among the cities he visited was Paris, where he saw a night club he thought should be imported to America. It was something called a "discotheque" and it was called the Whiskey a Go Go.

"I ran into Elmer one week before the Whiskey was to open," Adler says. "He needed an act and I suggested Johnny Rivers. So a week later, I took another truck out, to the Whiskey, to try the album a second time."

[NECKTIE PEOPLE WATCHING THE FREAKS]

With the release of Rivers' "Whiskey a Go Go" album, recorded that night, and a single from that album that went to No. One, "Memphis," the trend was set; Adler recalls the period first, and then the means by which he translated that period, and sound, onto tape and acetate. (Representing Step Four and a Half.)

"It was one of the most exciting periods for the Los Angeles night club scene since the days of the Mocambo," he says. "Clubs were dying. People weren't



dancing in clubs. Now they were dancing again.

"This was also the time when people in neckties started coming to see the 'freaks,' who were the dancers, who turned out to be called go-go girls. Elmer's let in about 20 chicks and they'd dance. And he had that glass cage up there, with go-go girls.

"Johnny's record was a part of it. We had a system set with something we thought would be a single, like 'Memphis.' You can't do more than two takes in a club; so if you think the song's a good one, you include it in every set and that way, over two or three days, you can get it down six or eight times."

Even so, "Memphis" was re-recorded in a studio and the entire album was sweetened by bringing in overdub specialists. This time, Adler used only eight to ten people to provide the handclapping—girls he knew—and to give the album the sing-along feel experienced in the club, he hired the Blossoms. For background noise, he used a tape loop of glasses clinking and people talking, actually made at the club but looped to repeat every 30 seconds or so. "I mean, if you really study this album," he says of *Whiskey a*



Go Go, "you can hear the same drunk in every cut at least once."

Just as Adler makes no apologies for Jan & Dean, he offers only praise of Johnny Rivers. "I think Rivers is very under-rated as regards taste and feel," he says. "He sang 'Suzie Q' the way Creedence Clearwater does and sang 'By the Time I Get to Phoenix' long before Glen Campbell ever heard of it. He also introduced me to the blues: John Lee Hooker, Jimmie Reed, B.B. King."

Adler remained with Rivers until about a year ago, when Rivers, like Jan Barry before him, began to produce his own records. He had, by then, produced two more "live" albums with Rivers (all at the Whisky) and four studio albums.

[DYLAN'S CONQUEST & BAGS OF GOLD]

It was after Rivers was established that Adler formed Dunhill Productions. His partners were Bobby Roberts, who was managing, among others, Ann-Margret, and Pierre Cossette, who had the money. The company was formed specifically to produce Rivers' shows.

"Bobby had the TV and agency experience," Adler says, "and I'd been exposed to one-nighters and the pop field. It was a nice combination."

In time, Adler and his partners began to talk of starting a record company, but his experience with independents had taught him it was nearly impossible for an "indie" to collect from distributors, who usually waited to see if the record company could deliver a second hit before paying for the records they had sold. (Kane went out of business with \$400,000 in accounts receivable, Adler says.) They decided they wouldn't go into record production unless they could set a distribution deal with a major company, thus leaving the collection chores to someone else. Such an arrangement was made with ABC and Adler had taken Step Five.

Jay Lasker, Roberts' brother-in-law, now joined Dunhill (named for the Dunhills, a tap-dancing team that once had included Bobby Roberts) after working as sales manager of Vee Jay Records. Sally Fabares, then appearing in beach-blanket-boingo-yo-yo films and managed by Roberts, was the first artist that Adler produced. The record was only moderately successful, but the second — by someone else — was to be a smash. Adler's instinct and timing were marching into view again.

"Barry McGuire had left the New Christy Minstrels and had gone to Mexico for some sort of rebirth," Adler says. "When he got back, Terry Melcher called me and asked if I'd ever considered him. I said I'd only heard him on bits and pieces of 'Saturday Night.' And then I went to the opening of Ciro's on the Strip. The Byrds were there and so was Barry, dancing. I felt something. It was freer. It was freakier, and McGuire was a leader."

One of the people Adler had signed to Dunhill Productions, and then Dunhill Records, was a songwriter named P. F. Sloane, who wrote a song that would be the first McGuire would record for Dunhill, "Eve of Destruction." In four weeks, the single was certified a million-seller, was No. One, and Adler found himself hip-deep in the protest bag. Dylan had come and had conquered and Adler was claiming his share of the gold.

Adler's functions at Dunhill included talent-scouting (and signing) and the production of records, and

it was while producing McGuire's second album that he scouted, signed and began producing his biggest act, the Mamas and the Papas.

"Barry told me some friends of his were in town and that they could sing," Adler says. "I told him to have them come to a session. This was in October (1966) and we were at Western Recorders. John Phillips did the talking for the group."

Sitting in Adler's living room, Phillips picks up the story. "We hung around and hung around, waiting to sing," he says. "Lou was slumped over the board — big hat, three day's growth of beard. He kept saying, 'I'll get to you, I'll get to you.'"

When Adler finally did listen, the Mamas and the Papas sang five songs—"Monday Monday," "I've Got a Feeling," "Once Was a Time," "Go Where You Wanna Go" and "California Dreamin'."

[AFTER ACID — AFTER BEATLES]

"How did I react?" Adler says. "I couldn't talk."

He did regain enough verbal control to make an immediate deal, however, and the Mamas and the Papas signed with Adler and Dunhill for \$1,500 for the following day—accepting Adler over Randy Sparks' offer of \$5,000 because, as Phillips says, "we just felt Lou was right for us." The contract called for Adler to serve as their producer and, along with Roberts, as their personal manager.

Three months would pass before "California Dreamin'" appeared on the charts. (Actually, it was the second Mamas and Papas single; the first, "Go Where You Wanna Go," backed with "Somebody Groovy," was withdrawn after three days. Adler had used "California Dreamin'" on McGuire's album and after hearing the back-up voicing of the Mamas and Papas, decided the tune shouldn't be buried on somebody else's album.) Then the Mamas and Papas' first album was released and Adler, who had become, really, the fifth member of the group (the third Papa) found himself riding a Super Group. (A phrase that had no meaning in the days of Jan & Dean; Super Groups were those who came *after* the Beatles.)

Then total madness beset it; it was as if the moon was full every night. The Mamas and Papas were on tour, but couldn't even get themselves together for their first date at the Hollywood Bowl. For some of the members of the group it seemed like round-the-clock auditioning for membership in Alcoholics Anonymous; for others it was the discovery of dope. "You have to understand," John Phillips says, "that this was the period A.A.—After Acid."

Adler was taking Step Six, representing for the first time a total involvement with one of his acts. Recording sessions seldom lasted less than 12 or 16 hours. The Mamas and Papas were earning \$30,000 a night and losing money every time they went on the road. There were also rumors (based in fact) that they were breaking up. Through it all, Adler coaxed and nurtured the beast, never knowing when (or if) it would end.

As all this was happening, ABC approached Adler and his partners to buy their complete operation, holdings that by now included Dunhill Records and Productions, but also two music publishing companies Adler owned, Trousdale (BMI) and Boyle Heights (ASCAP). The Mamas and the Papas hadn't truly made it when the first overtures were made and Adler claims ABC's real interest was in Trousdale, whose writers included Steve Barri and Phil (P.F.) Sloane.

The price tag on the package was about \$1,000,000 which ABC paid (then realizing the value of the Mamas and the Papas, and John Phillips as a songwriter), also getting Adler's agreement to produce exclusively for Dunhill for five years. Nine months later Adler renegotiated part of the deal and was re-signed to produce only the Mamas and Papas leaving him free for his next project, which he says was launched "about two hours after all the papers with ABC were signed."

[THE MATERIALIZATION OF A MIXED BAG]

This was Ode Records. Adler, as usual, the one-man band — serving as founder, president, talent scout, music publisher and record producer. Arranging a distribution deal with Columbia and becoming the first independent label CBS agreed to handle, Adler went into a studio with Scott McKenzie to record a song John Phillips had written, "San Francisco." Thus, Adler repeated the Dunhill success story and one of the first singles recorded and released on one of his labels became a No. One hit (selling 5,000,000 copies worldwide).

Concurrent with this activity, Adler took Step Seven, serving as co-producer (with Phillips) of the Monterey Pop Festival.

"The whole thing was put together in six weeks," he says. "If we'd known how big it was going to be, we might not have jumped in." Then, giving the Monterey power structure a gentler slap than it deserves (in view of Monterey's killing a second festival this year), Adler says, "Monterey had known how big it was going to be, it might not have happened anyway."

There was much accomplished in that period and if Adler had never proved himself as an administrator before, he did then. It began when he contributed \$10,000 toward buying out the original festival promoters. (He was matched by Phillips, Simon and Garfunkel, and Terry Melcher, these sums later to be repaid from the \$400,000 provided by ABC-TV for the film rights.) And ended after Adler and Phillips had handled the artists' invitations; supervised rebuilding the stage on the festival grounds; arranged for special flights into Monterey and food and lodging for everyone; secured a near-perfect sound system; made provisions for audience, press and police; and tended to the thousand details to make the artists, all of whom were donating their talents, agree after it was all

over that the Monterey Pop Festival was the best gig they ever would play.

Regarding the fight for, and subsequent cancellation of, a second Pop Festival, Adler says: "It was a joint decision to throw in the towel. But it was more my decision than John's. I just thought it was futile. We might have been able to pull it off, but it might also have been another Chicago. I think they could have done that to us."

Adler went back to Ode and one of the first groups he recorded was Spirit. True to form, Adler explains: "I got into Spirit because I wanted to be a part of the underground."

What he does not say is that the variant projects he initiated almost simultaneously with Spirit also reflected a trend — eclecticism. The sound of pop had become diversified and critics and musical voyeurs on all sides were predicting a dozen different trends, from country to electronic to a rebirth of early rock. What materialized, of course, was a mixed bag. Thus, Adler's activities, and sound, were mixed, and Adler took Step Seven in his career.

In the summer of 1968 Adler says he produced more records than ever he'd produced in such a period. One was an album of songs sung by Peggy Lipton, a slender blonde model turned actress-singer now starring in ABC-TV's "Mind Squad." Another was an album by a group called Africa, described by Adler as "10-year-old rock and roll recorded in a garage in the Watts-Baldwin Hills section, with congas, pots and pans, and guitars"; 10 years earlier Africa had recorded as the Valiants. A third project involved Carol King's (of Goffin-King) return to recording, her first in five years, "12 separate songs, no album concept." He also began work on Spirit's second album; a Spirit soundtrack for a film produced and directed by Jacques Demy, *Model Shop*, and made plans for releasing an album by the Comfortable Chair, produced by members of the Doors.

[HOW TO LIVE WITH A NEUROTIC]

So much for Adler's history.

To get to his spacious home, you turn north from Sunset Boulevard, into the Santa Monica Mountains of Bel Air. Across from the exclusive Bel Air Hotel is the house, a structure that is typical of the neighborhood — which is to say, nearly characterless; you've seen one, you've seen them all—but touches here and there with the paraphernalia of affluent pop: Guy Webster photographs against whitewashed brick and stucco walls, antique Tiffany-style lamps, a postcard reproduction of a Humphrey Bogart poster, an old movie camera (circa 1915), a steel-sculptured mandolin with an assortment of hats hung on the oversized tuning knobs, a "nothing box" that blinks silently and relentlessly from the hearth. Lining a wall behind the sofa are some of Adler's books: collections of Beardsley drawings; books on astrology, India and the Beatles; Griffith's *The Movies*; a number of best-sellers, including *The Magus* and *The Group*; 13 volumes of *The Yellow Book* (published in England); and *How to Live With a Neurotic*. The furnishings, scattered under a ceiling that is beamed, are somewhere between Spanish and modern.

On the second floor of the house is Adler's office, where his pretty blonde secretary Judy works (between answering calls in the living room and making coffee in the kitchen for guests). "I have an office of bookkeepers and accountants in town," Adler says, "but I never go there. I stopped going to an office when I was so involved with Rivers and the Mamas and Papas. I wasn't looking for any other acts. I didn't have time for anything else. I never relied much on street traffic anyway." Besides, he says, it is more comfortable to operate from home.

The telephones ring constantly and Adler ignores them. When he goes out, it is to visit John and Michelle Phillips, who live in the old Jeanette McDonald place nearby or, if absolutely necessary, to someone's office in Beverly Hills or Hollywood, or to enter a recording studio.

"After 10 years, it's a drag to go to a studio," he says. "When you first start out producing, for the first four or five years anyway, you can go in every night and the group doesn't have to excite you musically or artistically. So long as you're working, it's exciting. After 10 years, there has to be more. After 10 years of saying 'More base,' it's a drag. You get the feeling the console is going to eat you sometimes. There have been times the past two years when I've felt well, after doing the Mamas and Papas, what it there?"

Adler remains close to the Mamas and the Papas and it is because he is so close—especially to John Phillips — that he said no to Cass Elliot's invitation to produce her solo album, "it was my feeling that I didn't want to do anything that would further the breakup of the group." "It would have been difficult to say to John, 'I can't see you tonight because I'm producing Cass's album.' I'm too close to John."

[A TOTAL PACKAGE DEVELOPS]

Adler and Phillips recently bought half interest in *Brewster McCloud and His Sexy Flying Machine*, a film property owned by Phil Feldman, a producer at Warner Bros. — Seven Arts. Michael J. Pollard will star in the film and Adler and Phillips will produce. This provides one more piece of evidence that Adler is involved in today's "scene"; as anyone who spends any time in rock and roll knows, nearly everyone in rock is a frustrated filmmaker.

So now Adler is getting into film. But still what he is, is a producer, and it is as a producer that he should be judged. One of the simplest means of making judgment—though sometimes misleading—is to ask: Does he have a sound that is his? A number in the business say no. "Not unless the sound is that of cash

—Continued on Page 30

PERSPECTIVES: SO REVOLUTION IS COMMERCIAL

BY RALPH J. GLEASON

In the late 1950s a folk music group which included a black singer was worried about how this would affect jobs. "Forget it," their Hollywood agent told them. "Integration is commercial."

Thus he exposed the fundamental motivating force in the Great Society (LBJ's Great Society, not Grace's). Money does now and always has made the mare go and, unless the current revolutionary processes — all of them, from the SDS to the rock groups — are successful in their attack on the money concept, it always will. Profit means power, even though at times it seems as if there's a chance for the prophet to mean power as well.

In the naked pursuit for profit, a good American company will do anything. Even make radio commercials that sound like a pusher laying down a hype about his new shipment of Acapulco Gold (grown and harvested in a vacant lot in whatever city he's working at the moment).

Back when the FSM seemed to be deeply revolutionary force within the American society and to have great numerical strength and just possibly to reflect what young people were into, we had "Join the Dodge Rebellion" and then the picture of the Haight Street hippie march with trumpets and flags and flowers and the Dylan line "The Times They Are A Changin'" for, was it AT&T? No matter.

Nehru shirts have been hustled in recent months with advertising slogans such as "Meditate in '68"—"Guru-vest" and the use of "Turn you on" has been so diluted in strength, as to be almost as meaningless as "soak it to me." When you get on the Rowan & Martin show, you know where you are.

Some of the attempts to co-opt the rhetoric of the revolution (whether there is or is not a revolution) is as incidental to the motivation to use the rhetoric for advertising as J. Edgar Hoover says justice is to lawnmower) have been pretty funny. There was a commercial for Thom McAn shoes (aren't they the ones who went through that phase with Ravi Shankar and World Pacific Records hustling the shoes?) in which the announcer talked about how odd it is that everything "we" dig "they" are against, and it turned out (not on) that he was rapping away about silver buckled shoes or some other lame idea.

In a recent issue of the New Yorker Magazine, I was startled to see underneath the formal classical picture of an entrance to a big hotel, the two words WORLD REVOLUTION. For awhile there I thought

that the sponsors of the advertisement, Sheraton Hotels (it was for the St. Regis in New York) were talking about, you know, revolution, Chairman Mao, and the rest. Turned out they were assuming I would think that and were actually making a pun on the word and really using it to describe the revolving door in the hotel entrance through which pass the straightest people on earth, as well as the richest.

But the capper of them all is the Columbia Records campaign which has run in the various campus newspapers, Rolling Stone, and elements of the underground press. You know the ad. It has the picture of the long haired girl and the semi-long haired guy (not really freaky long hair, just kind of Richard Harris long hair) with the Pop Art tie and the chalk stripe suit and the sandals, sitting on the steps with the legend saying "If you won't listen to your parents, The Man, or the Establishment, Why Should you listen to us . . ." Underneath, of course, they list some pretty good records and some that you won't listen to no matter what anybody may say.

If there is a new way of life emerging in this society (and I don't just mean the Doors shouting "I want it now") it is the way of life being articulated by and demonstrated by the rock bands. It's Grace Slick saying "fuck" on a Columbia album and the band saying "bullshit" on RCA and Grace wearing black makeup and giving the black power salute on the Smothers Brothers show.

It's also Jimi Hendrix playing the Star Spangled Banner as an introduction to "Purple Haze" and it's The Beatles sending a print of *Magical Mystery Tour* to be used at a benefit for the Family Dog.

Now everyone, from Herbert Marcuse to the amateur sociologists infesting the various college and university campus areas, understands these days that the capitalistic society which has flowered in the U.S. of A. is something which has defied the doctrines of the central figure in "Morgan." One of the ways in which this society has managed to frustrate all the predictions of its failure has been its ability to co-opt or to absorb its enemies, as the Catholic Church has done historically. Today you even have Catholic communists despite the current nonsense about the pill and birth control ("Rhythm method doesn't mean making it with every trio that plays the Black Hawk," Lenny Bruce used to say). And it won't surprise me, though it will sadden me, if we end up having capitalistic revolutionaries.

It is a narrow line. I can see the validity in Irwin Sibler's complaint in *Sing Out!* that the revolt-

tion isn't in the grooves of Columbia records being as how it's a part of the huge corporate structure, but there may be more here than is first visible.

The FSM took over the structure of the establishment's educational plant and used it against that same plant. It was, with some variations, a rather good application of guerrilla warfare tactics. It didn't really win but it sure raised hell.

Neither Columbia Records nor any other entrenched privilege group is going to nurture any power which will obviously destroy it. The key word is obviously. As long as any point of view or doctrine is not considered a serious threat, it will be expressed and even encouraged because it proves the defecation of the system was worth while. Let that point of view seriously and visibly threaten the structure in which it operates and it will go, baby, it will go. The perceiving of a clear and present danger is one step from its removal.

Frank Zappa is against organized revolutionary activity in the streets. He doesn't say it like the Beatles did in "Revolution" but he is opposed to the administration and protest theory of revolution. He believes that once you get into the streets, they have you by the balls because they know how to handle the street situation. They have guns and mace and power. But the real revolution can be achieved by individual action, millions of units of it from wherever you are. They can't deal with that, they are not programmed for it, Zappa says.

Now I believe that as sure as God made little apples, the greatest danger to the whole youth revolution in this society is the ability of the established society to co-opt the leading elements and the ideas. That it hasn't worked yet is no answer. Hubert Humphrey posed with James Brown and with the Supremes (as well as with Lester Maddox) and if you remember, Hubert and James Brown once collaborated on a message song for the U.S. Government. They haven't figured out yet how to utilize all this power that's floating around but you can believe that somewhere somebody is working on it. In fact, you better believe it.

In the next few years it will be absolutely fascinating to see how the surging drive of youth to change the world in which they have found themselves will work out. Will they become part of the Establishment themselves? Will they be simplified, classified, denied, defied or crucified?

Tune in, turn on and find out.

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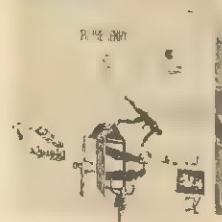




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VISUALS

BY THOMAS ALBRIGHT

Untitled, 1968 is probably the most prestigious exhibition of contemporary art ever organized in San Francisco. Of 80 works by 23 major American artists on display at the San Francisco Museum of Art, there is a single piece that amounts to an earth-shaking statement, but it is a work of surpassing importance: Edward Kienholz's "The Portable War Memorial Commemorating VD Day."

Kienholz's mammoth sculptural assemblage is an epic masterpiece, comparable in its way to "The Last Supper." Don't ask which one. Its theme, in some ways, is similar to the depressing, unintentional message conveyed by "The Last Supper" replica at Forest Lawn. The submersion of objects of reverence in a triumphant phoniness, mediocrity and stupidity. But there is nothing at all unintentional phony or mediocre about the Kienholz piece, so perhaps one can compare it with Leonardo's original as the summation of an age. Or with Bosch's "Garden of Worldly Delights," since Kienholz is the supreme artistic black moralist of our times.

The assemblage is as high as a low building, extends across the width of a museum gallery and almost all of its parts are covered with a sick, dull aluminum coating, one of Kienholz's favorite devices for unifying disparate found objects.

From left to right, its components include:

—The ravaged wax head of a woman, with grotesquely grinning teeth, sticking out from an inverted garbage can above a pair of fat, Petunia Pig legs; inside the can, a tape perpetually plays Kate Smith's "God Bless America";

—A blank wall containing a copy of James Montgomery Flagg's World War I "I Want You" poster, framed by spot lights;

—A replica, cast from actual figures, of the classically pyramided soldiers raising the flag at Iwo Jima, everything with the utmost realism except for the heads, which are non-existent, mere empty spaces beneath the helmets; the flag is one that used to be given in exchange for cigarette coupons in the '30s;

Two lawn chairs and a table, with one chair turned on its side and supporting a soldier's foot. The parasol hole in the center of the table is the obvious point of destination for the flag pole. Behind this a blackboard tombstone inscribed with the names of 475 historic countries whose boundaries have disappeared from the face of the map (with room for more). And there is the inscription "A Portable War Memorial Commemorating V [followed by a black blank over which someone has scrawled "D"] Day, 10."

—A life-sized photograph, printed on film negative which allows the silver background to show beneath the magnified graininess, of a crummy Hot Dog and Chili parlor with a seated couple eating; a leash attached to the man's wrist jumps out into the third dimension, holding a ratty, sculptured dog; in front is a trash can and another lawn table

arrangement, and alongside is a Coke machine (dispensing real-life cokes) and a clock that keeps actual time;

—A third lawn table, with parasol, which stands in front of blank aluminum tombstone. At the very bottom is a tiny, barely visible figure—an oven-baked toy Tarzan with burned palms.

Spattered over the silvery surfaces of everything are globs of transparent plastic goo, another Kienholz trademark; they can be interpreted as mud and sweat on the GI uniforms, drops of rain falling from the awning of the hotdog stand, congealed 7 Up on the table-tops. They underline a sense of age, neglect and utter emptiness.

As always, Kienholz's meaning is perfectly obvious—no doubt the reason the assemblage has drawn almost record crowds, and record protests, not the least of them stemming from the fact the museum occupies the top floor of the S. F. Veterans' building.

"It's a very simple statement; there are no hidden curves," Kienholz said. "It is the viewer who brings the impact to the piece. Some may bring feelings of guilt for letting the country run away with such a stupid situation."

The power of the piece lies in the way the obvious meanings of its various parts overlap, blend and interpenetrate to form a message that is greater than the sum of its component parts—not simply a commentary on the futility of war, or the stupid complacency of lawn furniture suburbia, but a devastating, all embracing put-down of the whole mess, past, present and, by all indications, future. Unlike Kienholz's previous work, which freezes a particular moment in time, "War Memorial" brings past, present and future together in a haunting, spectral triptych montage. There is the past—"with all those propaganda devices," the present, with its clock, Coke machine ("business as usual") and eatery ("eating is a big compulsion in our society") and the tiny, scarred "man of the future."

The Memorial achieves its greatest impact through uncannily recreating the spirit of World War II—as Mary Ryan, the museum's publicity director, said, "When you hear Kate Smith singing, you can't help feel a little surge of pride"—and then putting it in the perspective of now; you become literally embarrassed by the appalling simple-mindedness of your own historical past; like watching an old war movie on late night TV. The Iwo Jima flag-raising was the symbolic turning-point in the war that was really supposed to end all wars, a victory commemorated long afterward every time we licked a postage stamp, its huge figures resemble the aluminum soldiers kids used to bake in the oven during World War II. Now it is the central image in a War Memorial that is not only portable, but interchangeable and open-ended.

The feeling of self-embarrassment is one of the targets Kienholz shoots for. "I like to force people to voyeuristically consider their own actions," he said. He cited his famous "Back Seat Dodge," a tableau in which a couple sprawls on the back seat of an old car, and his more recent "State Hospital," a room in which

two grotesque, naked figures with fishbowl heads recline on bunk beds.

"In Dodge," yet also see your own reflection looking in the glass," he pointed out. "In 'State Hospital,' you look voyeur-like through a window at the captive figure your state tax monies support."

"Most people miss the fact that the female figure in 'Dodge' is only partial," he added. "But everyone has screwed in the back seat of a Dodge at some time in their life, and they read it this way."

"State Hospital" was modeled after a patient Kienholz cared for while working in a Washington State Hospital—"it is a very mild replica of what goes on in every state hospital in the union," he said. Why the fishbowls? "That's the way the insane thinks."

Kienholz's artistic background consists mostly of having been "the kid who always did the stage curtains for high school plays" in the small eastern Washington town where he grew up. He began his career doing sculptures of single figures and pieces, often using junk materials. One of his earlier examples is called "God Tracking Station," rigged with a searchlight, a camera—"so you can take a photograph if you should see Him" and a tiger's mouth "that can bite you in the ass," the religious stigma. Another is of two machines which fuck and produce baby machines.

His first tableau, a 1961 whore house scene called "Roxie's," grew more or less logically out of the figure of a single prostitute Kienholz created from a coin vending machine. "It occurred to me that if I had some more whores and a couple of beds, I'd have a whorehouse," he said. His tableaux also hark back to early memories of Christmas even nativity scenes in churches. "They freeze something in time, make this moment stationary."

Besides the whores (each with personal belongings and names like "Miss Cherry Delight" and "Five Dollar Billy") "Roxie's" contains a madame, an aromatic mixture of incense, disinfectant and perfume, and a plethora of the audacious small details that gives Kienholz work its devastating accuracy. There is even a drawer containing a letter written from one of the whore's kid sisters—"wish I could come to town and get a good job too"—in an envelope. Kienholz sent all over the country to get several forwarding cancellations.

Kienholz said he does not believe that social comment is an indispensable ingredient of art, but "art should reflect the naturalness of the artist, and the artist has a tremendous responsibility, although it is no different from anybody else's."

One element that seems to flow naturally into much of Kienholz's work is his philosophy of death; by their nature, his tableaux both invoke and transcend it. "Fear of death is what controls everyone in life," he said. "At a very early age, it is repressed, teenagers dare death and they feel more alive; in the late 30s, you can begin to talk about the fact that you are going to die. Death education would be a useful and vital part of

school, like sex education.

"Happiness is involvement in anything you do—you forget for a span of time that you are going to die. Sex is a tremendous involvement, and is also has the chance of procreation—that's why it is so vital a part of life."

The measure of Kienholz's overwhelming force as an artist is cast in relief by the rest of the "Untitled, 1968" exhibition. It contains works by Stella, Judd, Samara, Frankenthaler, all the standard names; while one cannot exactly say of them that if you've seen one you've seen them all, it does seem true that they are less concerned with what they say than how they say it. At its finest, the bow can become the what, but still it is often a matter of relatively predictable variations on a single theme style as content. With Kienholz, on the other hand, one can usually predict the general outlines of his style, but never what he is going to say next. He seems to involve himself thoroughly with any given idea, and then to incorporate all of its implications in a single, definitive statement.

"The Portable War Memorial" is his definitive, thoroughly regurgitated statement on what he calls "this chickenshit war in Vietnam." He has other ideas on war, of a vast environmental scope, most unfeasible for a museum show.

"We should buy Vietnam," he said. "At least we'd be fighting for our own land, and have some legal justification for being there."

"We should really buy Australia, and make it the war continent. We would move everybody off of it, and all countries that wanted to participate could set up bases, bring in troops, bombs, the whole thing. They would fight their battles, and the losing country would peacefully be given over to the victor."

Kienholz is mid-way through his next assemblage, a life-size theater with a ticket booth and lobby through which spectators will pass to rows of seats, populated with six or seven figures programmed to cough, belch and emit other sounds at random intervals; the spectator sits down, possibly next to one of the figures, looks at a blank lighted movie screen, "imagining his own movie" over a pastiche of theme music, and when he turns to leave, discovers that all the figures have death's heads.

Kienholz accepts his own version of a life-is-art philosophy.

"Artists are not anything special," he said. "We buy houses and raise our children."

He said his famous replica of "Barney's Beanery" was built shortly after he was divorced from his first wife, in between cooking breakfast for his two kids running them to kindergarten and putting them down for naps. Occasionally, they helped with some of the painting. "Art judges itself—it's an incestuous circle," he said. "It leads you to the conclusion that art is a bunch of bullshit. I accept that. Art is really no more important than setting a table. The important thing is life and how you are involved in it."

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BOOKS

RICHARD BRAUTIGAN

THREE SHORT

SHORT STORIES

CRAZY OLD WOMEN ARE RIDING THE BUSES OF AMERICA TODAY

For Marcia Pasaud
There is one of them sitting behind me right now. She is wearing an old hat that's got plastic fruit on it, and her eyes dart back and forth across her face like fruit flies.

The man sitting next to her is pretending that he is dead.

The crazy old woman talks to him in one continuous audio breath that passes out of her mouth like a vision of angry bowling alleys on Saturday night with millions of pins crashing off her teeth.

The man sitting next to her is an old, very little Chinese man and he's wearing the clothes of a teen-ager. His coat, pants, shoes and cap belong to a fifteen-year-old boy. I've seen a lot of old Chinese men wearing teen-age clothes. It must be strange when they go to the store and buy them.

The Chinese man has scrunched himself up next to the window, and you can't even tell he's breathing. She doesn't care if he's dead or alive.

He was alive before she sat down beside him and started telling him about her children that came to no good and her husband who is an alcoholic and the *hell* in the *freedom* may now that he won't fit because he's always drunk, the son-of-a-bitch, and she's too tired to do anything because she works all the time at a cafe, I must be the oldest waitress in the world, and her feet can't take it any more and her son's in the penitentiary and her daughter is living with an alcoholic truck driver and they've got three little bastards running around the house and she wishes she had a television because she can't listen to the radio any more.

She stopped listening to the radio ten years ago because she couldn't find any programs on it. All there is is music and news now and I don't like the music and I can't understand the news and she doesn't care if this fucking Chinaman is alive or dead.

She ate some Chinese food twenty-three years ago in Sacramento and crapped for five days afterwards and all she can see is one ear facing her mouth

The ear looks like a little yellow dead horn.



FAME IN CALIFORNIA

—1—

It's really something to have fame put its feathered crowbar under your rock and then upward to the light release you, along with seven grubs and a sow bug.

I'll show you what happens then. A friend of mine came up to me a few months ago and said, "You're a character in the novel I just finished."

"What do I do in your novel?" I said, waiting to hear great words.

"You open a door," he said.

"What else do I do?"

"Oh," I said, my fame diminishing. "Couldn't I have done something else? Maybe opened two doors? Kissed somebody?"

"That one door was enough," he said. "You were perfect."

"Did I say anything when I opened the door?" still hoping a little.

"No."

—2—

I met a photographer friend of mine last week. We were making the rounds of the bars. He took some photographs. He is a careful young photographer and conceals his camera under his coat like a pistol.

He doesn't want people to know what

he is doing. Wants to capture them in real life poses. Doesn't want to make them nervous and begin acting like movie stars.

Than he whips out his camera like the bank robber that got away: that simple Indiana boy that's now living in Switzerland among royalty and big business and who has cultivated a foreign accent.

Yesterday I met the young photographer and he had some large prints of the photographs he had taken that night.

"I took a picture of you," he said. "I'll show it to you."

He showed me through a dozen or so prints and then he turned to the next one and said, "See!" It was the photograph of an old woman drinking a rather silly martini.

"There you are," he said. "Where?" I said. "I'm not an old woman."

"Of course not," he said. "That's your hand on the table."

I looked very carefully into the photograph and sure enough, but now I wonder what happened to the seven grubs and the sow bug.

I hope they made out a little better than I did after that feathered crowbar hit us to the light. Perhaps they have their own television show and are coming out with an LP and are having their novels published by Viking, and Time will ask them about themselves. "Just tell us how you got started. In your own words."

A NEED FOR GARDENS

When I got there they were burying the lion in the back yard again. As usual, it was a hastily dug grave, not really large enough to hold the lion and dug with a maximum of incompetence and they were trying to stuff the lion into a shabby little hole.

The lion, as usual took it quite stoically. Having been buried at least fifty times during the last two years, the lion had gotten used to being buried in the back yard.

I remember the first time they buried him. He didn't know what was happening. He was a younger lion then and was frightened and confused, but now he knew what was happening because he was an older lion and had been buried so many times.

He looked vaguely bored as they folded his front paws across his chest and started throwing dirt in his face.

It was basically hopeless. The lion would never fit the hole. It had never fit a hole in the back yard before and it never would. They just couldn't dig a hole big enough to bury that lion in.

"Hello," I said. "The hole's too small."

"Hello," they said. "No, it isn't."

This had been our standard greeting now for two years.

I stood there and watched them for an hour or so struggling desperately to bury the lion, but they were only able to bury a fourth of him before they gave up in disgust and stood around trying to blame each other for not making the hole big enough.

"Why don't you put a garden in next year?" I said. "This soil looks like it might grow some good carrots."

They didn't think that was very funny.

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*I have walked
a hundred highways,
Cried to see
the things men do.
If you wonder who I am,
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passing through.*

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RANDOM HOUSE

BY JON LANDAU

Almost a year after his death, Atco records continues to release new Otis Redding records. The latest is *Otis Redding in Person at the Whiskey A Go Go* and was recorded in April, 1966.

The repertoire of the new album consists primarily of Redding standards, many of them recorded by Redding several different times with a previously unrecorded Redding song — "I'm Depending On You" — and a James Brown number thrown in for good measure. The familiarity of the material in no way mars the effectiveness of the recording, because in several instances Redding turns in the best performances ever of songs long identified with him.

Volt records released a live album of Redding two summers ago called *Otis Redding Live in Europe*. The record was universally recognized as a spectacular performance. However, this new set surpasses it in certain respects. The recording here is of almost studio quality, thanks to engineer Wally Heider. Redding is in somewhat better voice than on the earlier record. The mix is superior and the sound tighter and more controlled than on the earlier album.

Redding recorded this album with his touring musicians. They are the same band he used to produce Arthur Conley's "Sweet Soul Music" and they are superb. While there are a few technical errors in their playing, they are no more than we find Booker T. and company making on *Live In Europe*. And for the bulk of the record they establish complete rapport with Redding. On several cuts — notably "Satisfaction" and "I Can't Turn You Loose" — they simply cut both the studio and live performance of the Stax-Volt band.

In Person at the Whiskey A Go Go is animated by Redding's professionalism as are few other Redding albums. As his manager Phil Walden describes it, Redding decided to do some extra preparation for the taping the day before it was to take place. He finished his regular set at the Hollywood Club late in the morning and then told the band that he wanted them to stick around for a while just to go over some of the rougher numbers.

Redding wound up keeping them there from 2:30 AM until 10:00 AM at which time he gave them some time off. Around noon they were told to reassemble and Redding kept them there until evening show time, going over every last detail and nuance of each musician's part.

And, adds Walden, when Redding practiced, it wasn't like he sat around on his butt and watched his musicians struggle over their arrangements. He would be up on the stage going over things personally, cajoling that extra bit of togetherness out of each of them. And the fruits of his labors are in evidence from the beginning to end on this album.

The set opens with one of Redding's lesser songs, "I Can't Turn You Loose." Redding invests that ordinary piece of material with a performance of such power that he transforms it into one of the outstanding numbers in the Redding catalogue. Over an incessantly repeated guitar-bass figure and an elementary horn part he sings the words with methedrine-like energy.

As he does throughout this album, drummer Elbert Woodson pushes the beat like there was no tomorrow. When Otis wants to emphasize the lines "Hip shaking woman I told you/I'm in love with only you," Woodson momentarily switches over from his closed high hat cymbal to one of his big ones, giving Redding just that bit of instrumental emphasis the line required. It is that kind of sympathetic support from all of the musicians that make their collective performances so satisfying.

The Chambers Brothers have a cheap, bastardized version of "Turn You Loose" on their latest album (and now released as a single). It is a crime that their version is the one receiving mass media exposure and that boppers are buying their single without even knowing about Redding's version.

On "Just One More Day" Redding again transforms one of his lesser songs into a major performance. The ballad opens with a beautiful, folksy-sounding horn introduction. Redding's vocal is simple and eloquent. The entire five minute cut is marked by a sort of "I've Been Loving You Too Long" buildup and crescendo. Redding adds a long coda to the body of the song which includes a call and response between him and the

band. In the middle of the coda, the band, except for the rhythm section, cuts out, suddenly creating a tense and dramatic mood. When they re-enter, they provide a perfect dramatic conclusion to the flawless recording.

From "Just One More Day" Redding charges into the lightning fast "Mr. Pitiful." The song is not one of my favorites but this is Redding's best recording of it. As "Mr. Pitiful" is drawing to a close the band suddenly breaks into "Satisfaction." The first lines are played just by the rhythm section, as Redding calls out, "Here's one you can't sit still over." And then they hit you with what is by far the best recording on the album and the best recording Redding ever did of this song.

Some people have never warmed to

the man says.

Early in the mornin'
Yet I've got to get you some
And late in the evening, oh man,
You've got to get you some.

All of the above mentioned cuts are on the first side of the album and unfortunately, the second side is not quite up to it. However, side two does have Redding's recording of James Brown's "Papa's Got a Brand New Bag." That cut, which has now been issued as a single, illustrates something which I have believed for some time: James Brown, despite his background, couldn't shine Otis Redding's shoes.

Otis Redding in Person at the Whiskey A Go Go is a significant addition to the available recordings of Otis Redding and a powerful testament to his

work. Sam and Dave have recorded some of the great standards of contemporary soul music. "Hold On, I'm Comin'" was their first giant record and represents one of the highpoints of the history of Stax Volt. Al Jackson's drumming on that record, as well as Cropper's off-beat chording, is a triumph of the Stax style of simple, pounding rhythmic, yet always musical performance.

"When Something Is Wrong With My Baby" was a great piece of material, a beautiful soul ballad, but did not receive the performance it deserved until it was recorded live at the Stax-Volt revue in 1967.

"Soul Man," their single of a year ago, and their only gold record, was a gem on the order of "Hold On, I'm Comin'." The arrangement had all the elements of an outstanding Stax record: a archetypal horn figure, a memorable chord riff by Cropper, Jackson's incessantly rhythmic drumming (particularly his bass drum work) and vocal work, particularly by Sam, that cannot be topped.

Despite these highpoints, the group's recordings have been generally spotty. A single released earlier this year — "Can't You Find Another Way of Doing It" — was so atrocious hardly anyone would play it. Such records are the product of careless and hurried recording sessions, made necessary by the duo's constant touring. They are degrading to stars of Sam and Dave's stature.

Fortunately, their new album, *I Thank You*, shows evidence of great care. *I Thank You* is their well known follow up to "Soul Man" and is more of a rock and roll song than the duo usually record. "Wrap It Up" was the flip side and is almost as good. Particularly noteworthy is the driving horn line used on the chorus. "You Don't Know What You Mean To Me" features Sam's rock bottom preaching and a delightful, simple, hummable chorus.

The only lapse in the preparation of the album is in evidence on this cut — as is often the case, Atlantic has either remixed or used the wrong master, pointlessly altering the sound of the original 45. Anyway, the song is done better live.

Otis Redding's "These Arms of Mine" is given a lovely, unself-conscious reading and side two features five new Stax-Volt songs of unusually high quality.

The core of this album is three songs done with strings and the closing cut, "That Lucky Old Sun." "Everybody Got To Believe in Somebody" is one of the string cuts and was released as a single. It is not doing well, primarily because soul stations do not like to program songs which use string orchestration. It is a beautiful song, in perfect harmony with the Stax-Volt style. None of Sam and Dave's basic drive is sacrificed, but the accompaniment is given an added, and in my opinion, welcome dimension. Sam's lead is exceptional.

"Talk to the Man" is a similarly well done number, with a particularly exciting chorus. But it is on the ballad, "If I Didn't Have a Girl Like You" that the new approach produces a really magnificent cut. The song itself is a ballad in the "When Something Is Wrong With My Baby" mold.

Sam takes the lead for most of the song and his soaring voice is dramatically pitted against the dense, full instrumental track. The crescendo at the end — slow, heavy, inexorable — is a perfect fruition of everything Sam and Dave have sought to do. If the magnitude of their accomplishment on this cut does not hit you at first listening, listen a bit more. It is not the kind of thing that will necessarily strike you first time around.

For that kind of cut may I suggest "That Lucky Old Sun." For the body of the song Sam, who takes most of the lead, sings it straight. But at the end of the bridge there is a sudden and startling rhythm change and the two together unleash a powerful, driving conclusion to the song. Jackson's drumming is particularly exciting and after hearing the cut innumerable times I begin to think that that is supposed to be Sam and Dave's answer to "Try a Little Tenderness." If so, it's a mighty good answer.

Sam and Dave are the kind of performers who one is best introduced to in live performance. For those of you on the East Coast who have never had the privilege, check them out at the Fillmore East on December 13 and 14. You won't regret it.

SOUL ROLL



soul singers doing the Rolling Stones' opus. After all, the lyrics to the Stones' song have little to do with the experience of an Otis Redding or an Aretha Franklin. Overlooked in such a view is the fact that "Satisfaction" was an Otis Redding song. At the time Jagger and Richards wrote this song they were enormously influenced by Redding and had recorded several of his songs. "Satisfaction" in its rhythm, drive, and liberateness, is perfect Redding material.

It was Steve Cropper and Booker T. who sensed this and asked Redding to try recording it. Interestingly, he had never heard the song. Nor was he overwhelmed by it the first time he heard it. Presumably, he had trouble making it through the lyrics. When he eventually did record it, he kept the basic rhythm motive and the intensity of the arrangement, but completely re-wrote the lyrics and tacked on a riff from Ray Charles' "I've Got A Woman," composing new lyrics on the spot. The result was one of the great virtuous performances in recent pop music history.

The version included on the *A Go Go* album is almost twice as long as any of the versions included on other Redding albums. Redding structures the song so that each time it seems like he has no place to go with it he manages to increase the tension a bit more, until towards the end he goes into a speeded up double time which is sensational. It is the highest form of energy music I know of. One has to be awed not only by Redding's precision and artistry, but by his physical endurance as well. Like

ability as a stage performer. It's music to "get down with it."

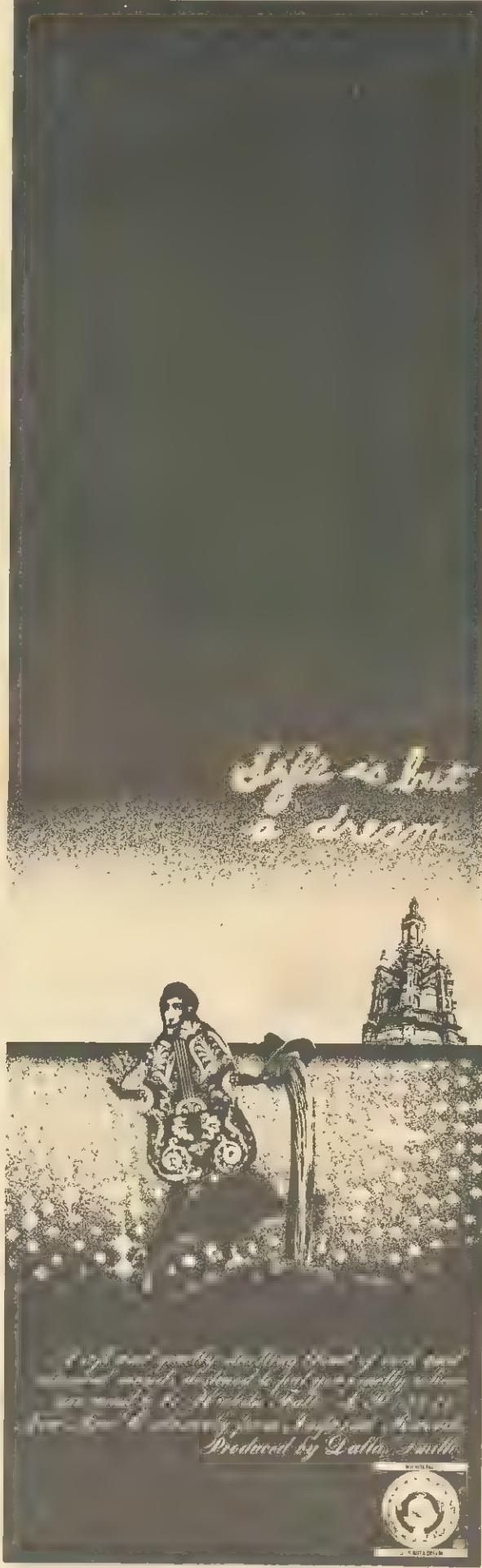
When Otis Redding toured Europe with the Stax-Volt Revue in the summer of 1967, he used to close the show by following Sam and Dave. Legend has it that Redding would look on from back stage, sweating and mumbling to himself that he would never be able to follow that. And indeed, there was more than a little justification for his fear.

Redding contributes "Try a Little Tenderness" as the closing cut of the *Stax-Volt Revue Live in Paris* album. At the very end of the record, you can hear Sam Moore grabbing the mike and picking up where Otis left off and he sounds awfully good. Then again, Aretha Franklin tried to follow them at last summer's *Soul Together* concert and couldn't quite cut it either.

As live performers, there is little doubt that Sam and Dave are the finest soul performers working today. Many people involved with soul music professionally believe Sam Moore, the high voice of the duo, is the finest male singer of black music around.

Phil Walden, Otis' manager, handled the two of them for years. Recently they came to an unpleasant parting of the ways. Yet after hearing their latest single, "Everybody Got to Believe in Somebody," he felt he had to send them a telegram telling them again how good they are, an action that reflects both on Walden's generosity and Sam and Dave's brilliance.

White best known for their concert



This block contains two images related to The Ventures. On the left is a black and white photograph of four men, likely members of the band, sitting on a large, curved, metallic structure that looks like a giant's head or a futuristic vehicle. On the right is the cover of their album "Underground Fire". The cover features a dark background with a circular graphic at the top containing a stylized figure. Below it, the words "BLISTERING NEW SOUND", "SIZZLING NEW ALBUM", "UNDERGROUND FIRE", and "THE VENTURES" are printed in large, bold, serif capital letters. A small inset image of the band members is visible in the bottom right corner of the album cover.

RECORDS



Cruising with Ruben and the Jets, The Mothers of Invention (Verve, V6 5055-X)

"The present-day composer refuses to die!" —Edgar Varese, July 1921

"Ruben Sava was only 19 when he quit the group to work on his car . . . His girlfriend said she would leave him forever if he didn't quit playing in the band and fix up his car so they could go to the drive-in and make out."

Verve Records Vault Research

"Darling hear my plea . . ."

The Pleas

A few miles outside of Detroit, just about ten years ago, was a little town consisting of twenty-five hard working souls, a gas station, a church, and six cops—who were there to hassle Jack Scott's Dance Ranch and the eight hundred teenagers who showed up every weekend. Most guys went there to dance with and to pick up the chicks that weren't picked up by the pachukis with the tattoos and the little scar-crosses on the backs of their hands. Kids who weren't that tough came to dance close and watch the pachukis play pool and also to cheer them from a distance when they'd stare down the cops or fight the locals.

It might as well have been Ruben and the Jets that used to play there almost every weekend. Though no one thought they were any good, no one cared, because Ruben and Natcho and Louie and Pana and Chuy knew enough to keep playing no matter if people were cutting each other with broken booze bottles, or actually fighting. One night, when everybody was juiced out of their skills, the fat cop and his five buddies snuck into the Dance Ranch and pulled out the plug to Ruben's amplifier. The six cops had almost made it out the door when they disappeared under scores of pool cues, boots, bottles, and fists. The kids, totally blasted, dragged the unconscious cops out to their car, handcuffed them, and drove the squad car to the police station and left it there. It was one of the greatest nights in rock and roll history. The next day the State Police showed up, nailed the Dance Ranch closed, and left it to rot, as it does to this day. Things had gone too far—or at least, Ruben and the Jets no longer had a place to play.

But their music lives on. Years later, Ruben and the Jets have somehow gotten transmogrified into the Mothers, who've finally waxed all those great unforgettable and unrememberable songs that are always just on the tip of everyone's tongue. We tried for years, but we could never quite remember all of "Cheap Thrills, all over the seat/Cheap thrills, your kind of lovin' can't be beat . . ."

Or Ruben's great tribute to Chuck Higgins' classic "Pachuco Hop," his own "Jelly Roll Gum Drop," a tune that contains one of the shittiest chord changes in the history of the recording industry: "You know I wish I might/Get a tiny bite/Or you . . . Jelly Roll Gum Drop." All thirteen cuts are great, right down to the last boppy doo-doo-doo (except that the drums and bass are played with a little too much imagination, something that can be corrected by playing the record in mono or on a Macy's phonograph).

You can see where Dion and the Belmonts got it from—just listen to "Deseri," especially the dramatic spoken monologue with its echoes of crippled Don Julian and the Meadowlarks: "Deseri, the first day we met/I'll never forget/I saw you walking down the street/And my heart skipped a beat . . ." (As a favor to people who like to analyze lyrics but don't like to listen to music, all the words are printed on the cover!) Not to mention the lyric roots of all the Mark Denning—"Teen Angel" songs

of the late Fifties, obviously a cop from Ruben's classic "Stuff up the Cracks": "Stuff up the cracks!—Turn on the gas/I'm gonna take my life . . ." Cool.

If you were there, you'll love it. "The present-day Pachuco refuses to die!"

GREIL MARCUS AND JEFF RAPPAPORT



Stone Blues, Charles Musselwhite Blues Band (Vanguard VSD-79287)

Charlie Musselwhite's second album, produced by Barry Goldberg, is just what it initially appears to be—a sampling of traditional Chicago blues made by the non-black band which Musselwhite formed a few months ago. The album is somewhat reminiscent of the early Buttermilk albums in several respects: it relies on uptempo reinterpretations of solid old numbers by past masters, and it features guttural vocals and vigorous harp solos by its leader.

Unfortunately, Musselwhite suffers by comparison to the early Butterfield recordings; his gravelly vocal tone seems forced, and his harp playing often suffers from screechy tone and inaccurate intonation. But Musselwhite's shortcomings are more than offset by the general excellence of the rest of his band, notably organist-pianist Clay Cotton and guitarists Tim Kashiwa and Larry Welker.

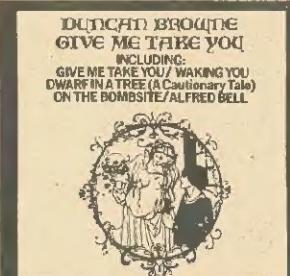
Although it isn't outstanding, this album contains several fine blues and not a single poor cut. The album opens with a bang on "My Buddy Buddy Friends," which comes complete with a driving back-beat and good lyrics by A. C. Reed. The song features one of Charlie's better efforts on vocal and harp, good guitar work by Kashiwa, and the contributions of unnamed studio trumpeters. Next is "Everything's Gonna Be Alright," the first of four Little Walter songs; it benefits from good guitar and harp breaks and fine piano work by Cotton.

The remainder of side one is inferior to the first two cuts. But side two bears nothing but goodies, with the slight exception of "Juke," which sounds anaemic in comparison to Little Walter's original recording. The side starts with an energetic rendition of Elmore James' "Cry For Me, Baby" in which everyone plays well. Hot on its heels is Albert King's "Hey Baby," which is built upon a single great guitar riff.

Musselwhite's deficiencies as a vocalist are made evident by comparison to Clay Cotton's soaring falsetto in "She Belongs To Me." This happy song has a funky, "soul" bass line with a back-beat, filled out with saxes and trumpets, harp, and organ. The album ends with a slow instrumental blues which is highlighted by two fine guitar solos by Kashiwa and Welker.

Musselwhite has assembled a fine blues band whose members are all at least as talented as its leader. When they all get going together, as in "Cry For Me, Baby," they really swing. Unfortunately, this happens too infrequently; but if you liked Paul Butterfield's first album, you'll like this one, too.

KENNETH WULFEKIND



Give Me, Take You, Duncan Browne (Immediate Z12 52 012)

A great student of art I'm not, but the cover of Duncan Browne's album reminds me of the work of the Pre-Raphaelites, or maybe the Pre-Raphaelites.

Although album covers are often totally unrelated to the music they contain, in this case the cover almost perfectly represents the music.

Certainly on one could mistake it for hard rock. Like the work of another "fey" performer, Donovan, Browne's songs lack "guts"—which isn't necessarily a bad thing. If classification must be made, Browne would seem to be influenced by Donovan (particularly the album *Wear Your Love Like Heaven*), with maybe a touch of Van Dyke Parks. But then, influences are hard to prove. I'll just say that some similarities do exist.

Those rock scholars who are calling for a return to simplicity in rock and despise pretension of any kind will hate this album. Those who recognize that there is good pretension (*Pearls Before Swine*, the United States of America, the Doors) and bad pretension (*The Doors*, Eric Burdon, Vanilla Fudge) and don't get too hung up about the whole thing, will most likely love it. At least I do.

Give Me, Take You is a static album; it is simultaneously beautiful and decadent. The arrangements may occasionally become a bit syrupy, but almost always they are delicate and subdued, in an ornate way (with acoustic guitar, voiceovers, other voices, harpsichords, oboes, etc.). Likewise, the melodies, also delicate and subdued, help mask the fact that nearly every song, while a love song, is also concerned with death. Duncan Browne apparently grooves on death. This idea is reflected in the album cover, the visual center of which is a human skull in a bed of rose. The lyrics are also concerned with paradox: "You tell me that darkness is daylight that's been painted black/And I couldn't walk forward if my face was turned round to the back . . ."

The Pre-Raphaelites were convinced that the "Dark Ages" were really dark-filled with myth and mystery; somehow vastly different from the present. They looked to the past, not the present or future, for their inspiration. With great attention to detail, their works are often dark, and strangely beautiful. Yet, as Beardsley later found, there are limits to what one can do with an artistic approach which is ultimately a dead end. His own work became more opulent as it became more decadent. The corpse was putrefying, but, God, what a beautiful corpse! If you like beautiful corpses, you'll like Duncan Browne.

JOHN SMOTHERS



Avenue Road, Kensington Market (Warner Bros. WS 1754)

The music of *Kensington Market* is pleasant. And, oh, so civilized! You'll hear no toilets flushing in this record! Also no raunchy blues, no electronic dissonance, no lyrics praising drugs and rebellion. It's all very melodic, with much of the same aura of romantic reality that characterized pop music for years.

Despite these dubious virtues, *Avenue Road* is a much-better-than-average first album. The arrangements are interesting and polished. The level of musicianship is high throughout. Lead singer Keith McKie has the vocal equipment for singing ballads convincingly. The group achieves a successful blending of new and old: an electric employment of the current rock idiom laced with musical devices that hark back to Tin Pan Alley.

"I Would Be the One" is an example of what might be called Granada-Rock. All the ingredients are present: the bullfight trumpets, the flamenco guitar solo, the bravado vocal with the mawkish lyrics—all held together with a driving rhythm section. Oddly enough, it works well.

"Phoebe" features the guitar playing variations from Grofe's *Grand Canyon Suite*, a clever accompaniment to lyrics which come on like a deodorant commercial: "The fragrance of your body is floating in the breeze/Sun casting shade-

cws/Are you hiding in the trees?"

"Looking Glass" opens with a charming duet of electric piano and what sounds like a bassoon. It reveals a surprising fact: the bassoon has great untapped potential as a rock instrument. I would like to hear someone pursue its possibilities further, both as rhythm instrument and as a solo voice.

"Color Her Sunshine" is just a good straight-ahead, medium-tempo rocker with intelligent lyrics and a happy harmonica solo.

Special note should be made of Gene Martynec's guitar work throughout the album. As an accompanist, he is superb. He always seems to play just the right line, the most appropriate figure. His playing is crisp, but never detracts from the vocal or arrangement. Very few pop guitarists display this degree of taste and restraint (Steve Cropper is one). Martynec's abilities as a soloist are a question mark since he is given no room on this record to stretch out. His playing is especially nice on "Speaking of Dreams" and "Coming Home Soon."

The weakest aspect of *Avenue Road* is the song lyrics. At best, there are some very good teenage songs, simple and lightweight. The worst are bland or banal, or both. And yet, curiously, Keith McKie, who wrote most of the album's material, has a genuine and impressive poetic talent. "Aunt Violet's Knee" and "Looking Glass" are good poems. Nevertheless Good Poems Don't Always Make Good Songs.

"Aunt Violet's Knee" is a pastel pastoral of the sort Donovan does so facilely. But producer Felix Pappalardi has given it an orchestral arrangement which is both ponderous and trite. At times the words are completely smothered as the orchestra gratuitously swells to false musical climaxes.

"Presenting Myself Lightly" and "Beatrice," both written by Gene Martynec, are good-natured and inoffensive. "Presenting Myself Lightly" is reminiscent of several songs by the Kinks, but it lacks the sardonic edge of the British group. "Beatrice" sounds a little like "Boredom" by the Lovin' Spoonful. Not much substance, but it can stick in your head.

Overall, *Avenue Road* is exceptionally easy listening music by a talented group. Very good for a rainy afternoon.

DAVID BUTCHER



Living With The Animals, Mother Earth (Mercury SR 61194)

The first thing you notice about this album, even before you extract the record from the jacket to hear what it's all about, is the collection of Mother Earth family picture-book photos on the cover and inside, handsomely wrought and printed in brown ink, like tintypes.

Mother Earth is a musical family of friends, a Texas family, mainly, with many of the good things and some of the bad, that implies. The family tree is diverse—Gospel, country blues, city blues, rock-a-billy, Tex-Mex, jazz, country and western, soul, folk, and straight-ahead rock and roll—but the two most prominent factions within Mother Earth can be described as Texas soul (groovy) and Texas Psychedelic Hokum (boring).

Tracy Nelson represents Texas Soul (though, curiously, she's one of the few non-Texans in the band). R. Powell St. John represents Texas Psychedelic Hokum, and since they get equal time, you'd have to say *Living With The Animals* comes as a mixed blessing.

St. John's quavering, thin, uncertain vocal delivery mars every track on which he sings. It would matter more if he were meshing up good material, but since he's singing his own inconsequential ditties (they sound rather like radio commercials) in all but one case, it's difficult to get especially worked up about it. The exception is Willie Dixon's "My Love Will Never Die," which features a churning overlay of horns, blues piano and John Andrews' strong lead guitar. On this track, St. John's ineptitude is

really disconcerting; a real singer could have gotten *into something*. But St. John's own compositions sound just as corny as these lyrics read: "Through the incense and the candles/and the colors on the wall/your image stands reflected/as a princess come to call . . ."

Tracy's something else again. You get all the way through the first side of the album to the last tune, before—bam—it comes alive with her Gospel piano chording on "Down So Low," and the entry of her deep, intense voice really "down." "The pain you left behind/has become a part of me/n't it's burned out a hole/where yer love used to be . . ."

It's her song and for just the few minutes it's on, with the Eanhettes crooning and moaning behind her, you begin to get an inkling of the power of Mother Earth in person. Too much!

"Cry On" finds Tracy in a similar groove, down and longing, gritty, the horn section spreading funky tapestries behind her; Martin Fierro stepping up for a handsome tenor saxophone solo—his jazz playing is tasty if brief, everywhere on the album, though it gives little idea of what he is capable of, in person.

"Goodnight Nelda Grebe, The Telephone Company Has Cut Us Off," is a Tracy Nelson song that has nothing to do with either Nelda Grebe or Ma Bell—unless she's using some sort of code—but it does get the band into a strutting, uniquely Texan 5/8 groove, has a strong Tracy vocal and some more nice blowing by Fierro. It's one of three—out of ten—strong tracks on the album, not a very good batting average.

Two oddities are worthy of note. Somebody named Makal Blumfeld (say, you don't suppose that's a pseudonym for . . .) plays blues guitar fills and an undistinguished solo on the Memphis Slim tune "Mother Earth"—which Tracy gives a strangely dispirited performance. And the title tune, a clomp-along St. John original, is in no way as nutty as the liger photo it inspired: 23 of Mother Earth and friends posed with nearly a dozen critters.

All in all, a disappointing record, though it is a comfortable sort of thing to slap on your stereo and just let it unreel. Family things—when it's a happy family—are always comfortable, and there's abundant evidence here that there's joy in Mother Earth's household. It's just that some members of the family are one hell of a lot longer on talent than others, and if you possess this album, you are forced—in the words of Mothers everywhere—to take the good with the bad.

JOHN BURKS



Open/Julie Driscoll, Brian Auger and the Trinity (Atco SD 33-238)

"Jools" (as the English call Julie Driscoll) has been described as England's answer to Janis Joplin (primarily because she has received publicity of much the same volume and type.) Although Jools is blues-oriented it is in much a softer and ballad-type thing than Janis' rip-roarin', rockin' and rollin'. She is much subtler; she can take a word like "why" on "Why (Am I Treated So Bad)" and stretch it out to "whahhhiiii" without you at all noticing it or it sounding strained. It's just beautifully natural and Jools.

She's best known for lovely ballads like "Why" or the magnificently epic of the album, "Season of the Witch" but on an up-tempo number like "A Kind of Love-In" she shows she is also mistress of the lightning-fast beat. The horns are incidentally here and throughout the album beautifully arranged and played. Brian Auger wrote the music to "Love-In."

Only side two features the voice of Jools but that's all right 'cause Brian Auger ("Augie") is featured on side two and he is good. Auger mainly plays a jazzlike organ (he is an "ex-jazzman" if such a beast exists in the real world). His sound is best described as bubbly.

All except one song on side one are excellent instrumentals, the exception being "Black Cat" which has a screaming vocal by Auger.

The first is "In and Out" which sets the style for this side: angular guitar-playing, bubbling organ, big, spherical horn section with excellent horn solos, hard, planar drumming, and of course sound effects. Throughout this side we are greeted by screams, breaking glass, cuckoo clocks, and whistles. And each side closes with a door.

It can easily be seen where *Open* is by looking at the recording times between the hours of 7:00 p.m. and midnight. Five hours. It probably would have been worse had it been recorded in 100 hours. You can't synthesize naturalness. This can be attributed to Brian Auger's experience (in 1964 he was voted in Melody Maker as England's "Brightest Hope") and to the group's two and a half years together.

The great version of "Season of the Witch" here is an excellent product of that long experience. It's nearly eight minutes in length and not one minute is wasted. It begins with gongs. Jools says "A little too fast" in an offhand manner. Despite the deep echo that Atlantic took upon itself to add, it's completely natural. She sings it beautifully, runs through the entire song and . . . Auger changes gears into a first-rate organ solo. Jools returns, this time with vocal accompaniment in the background which is very effective. It ends perfectly.

All in all, this is every bit as good as *Super Session* and in some ways (vocals) far better.

JIM POMEROY



Bee Gees' 1st (Atco SD 33-223), Horizontal (Atco SD 33-233), Idea (Atco SD 33-253), Rare Precious & Beautiful (Atco SD 33-263).

To comprehend the Bee Gees is to comprehend much that is banal, without grace, and trite.

This is necessarily to say that the Bee Gees have deep roots in one of the most neglected areas of rock music, the popular romantic ballad. What is called rock and roll sprang not only from the blues, rhythm and blues, and country-western, but also from the American popular song. Even the early vocal groups mined this lode of mediocre material: "The Way You Look Tonight" by the Jaguars anticipates "Where or When" by Dion and the Belmonts in this respect.

Most often the adaptation was not so direct, although (for instance) Bullmoose Jackson's early rhythm and blues recording "I Love You, Yes I Do" is clearly in the tradition of big band ballad vocals. This ballad tradition is not dead, even in rhythm and blues: James Brown has done several resurrections of "I Love You, Yes I Do." The early interaction of American popular music with rhythm and blues and country-western produced unique conventions in both of these forms for the treatment of the romantic ballad. Thus rock and roll even at its inception could draw on "impure" romantic ballad traditions in both rhythm and blues and country-western.

But in some cases the link of rock with the American popular song was more direct. Paul Anka is really unthinkable without a tradition of Johnny Ray before him, and the later Platters essentially formed a symbiotic relationship with the American romantic ballad mediated by rhythm and blues. Out of all this attention several definite, definable rock traditions of the romantic ballad arose with their own specific conventions.

So there we have the Bee Gees: banal, graceless, trite, let us add melodramatic. And let us also add that this is all in one of rock's oldest and strongest traditions. Finally let it be said that in their chosen area, with the romantic ballad set of conventions, the Bee Gees are impressive masters of their heritage.

Hell-bent on sounding pretty, defiantly reactionary and out, no doubt for the bread and butter air-play, the Bee Gees have their game down very well. The crude essentials are there even on the first Bee Gees big hit in Australia, "Spicks and Specks."

But we are still missing an essential component of the Bee Gees, namely that they are a British group, a commercial wake for the middle Beatles. An analogy may be permissible here: the Bee Gees are to the Beatles as Cliff Richards was to Elvis Presley; if the Righteous Brothers embodied virtuous codification of the rhythm and blues set of conventions, the Bee Gees embody the virtuous codification of the British group set of conventions.

In this regard, listen to "Playtown," "Big Chance," and "Tint of Blue" on *Rare Precious & Beautiful*, a new reissue of early Bee Gees material recorded in Australia. On this reissue we can hear the developing Bee Gees: only a few ballads ("Jingle Jangle" in particular), a lot of British group imitation. It's all rather uninteresting except in the light of later Bee Gees development.

Bee Gees' 1st, Horizontal, and Idea can easily be considered as a group, for one of the Bee Gees' essential dynamics as a group is stasis. The drums are a bit heavier on *Horizontal*. *Idea* is a little less interesting on the whole than the two others, but nevertheless these three albums are a defiantly stable portrait of the artists, without agony of growth or forward movement. For the sake of analysis a more or less arbitrary selection of Bee Gee songs is in their case an entirely justifiable procedure; first then we will consider the Bee Gee ballad.

"And the Sun Will Shine" starts out with low basses and the ubiquitous guitar. The Bee Gees thrive on simplicity: the simple chorded guitar, basic drum patterns, often a spare piano line. The warby Pitney vocal rides initially over the guitar, then the drums come in (a little heavier than usual), cellos are added, eventually violins, then horns. A stop-time break, and the return to majestic basses, now punctuated by full orchestra.

A second build-up utilizing full orchestra, the drums more nervously moving forward, leads to another stop-time break, and now the violin takes over swooping and dipping, candy oozing at every musical turn. And there it is: an identifiably Bee Gee piece of finely-tuned schlock.

"Massachusetts" is a classic in this genre. It opens immediately with orchestra (heavy cellos), a group vocal this time with the strings in a typically trite arrangement: it is great Bee Gees fluff. Piano, high violins, guitar, and harp open "Let There Be Love"; the vocal enters over just piano and guitar, then the whole orchestra enters with the harp. Eventually the whole group joins in the vocal; there is a first release, but the next verse around the strings are in from the start: the build-up has begun. The vocal is more intense, the strings thicker. A build pause leads through spiraling violins to a throaty solo vocal with the full orchestra; now the whole group is singing, the whole orchestra playing and then the song is over, an anti-climactic coda being supplied by both orchestra and group.

These songs then generally follow the Bee Gee ballad pattern: "Holiday," "One Minute Woman," "To Love Somebody," "I Can't See Nobody," "World," "And the Sun Will Shine," "Really and Sincerely," "With the Sun in My Eyes," "Day Time Girl," "Let There Be Love," "In the Summer of His Years," "I've Gotta Get a Message To You," "When the Swallows Fly," "I Started a Joke," and "Swan Song." Among these ballads are many that are too sticky, and some that aren't very good; nevertheless the romantic ballad is what the Bee Gees do best, and generally even if a song isn't a classic Bee Gees' ballad, the more tritely romantic it is, the better it is. Never before has a rock group so intensely and consciously set sail on a sea of syrup.

Even the English-group type vocals are gooey, homogenized fluffy hairless finely-crafted Bee Gees—not bad stuff necessarily. These tracks may be roughly divided stylistically into Beatle imitation and Bee Gee invention, often the two characteristics overlapping on the same track. It would be an impossible task to classify methodically what is being done here, even though the Bee Gees are the masters of the eternal recurrence, musical monotony: everything sounds the same. Repeated listening however blunts this

critical indistinction.

To start at the beginning: "Turn of the Century" is a brilliant example of Bee Gee English-group homogenization. Harpsichord and kettledrums, full orchestra, all beautifully executed, original Bee Gees. "Kilburn Towers" is an unusually light (for that Bee Gees) semi-bossa nova, shades of Chad and Jeremy, yet again original Bee Gees. Not so "Red Chair, Fade Away" or "Birdie Told Me," two Beatle grabs, but both eminently successful with their antiseptic arrangements—now we can truly appreciate George Martin while we truly appreciate virtuous codification: the particularly bland becomes the tolerable, maybe even the aesthetically pleasing. But what sort of aesthetic? This is not a new question in rock.

And then there are the Bee Gee oddities: "Every Christian Lion Hearted Man Will Show You," pre-Raphaelite rock and roll; "Cucumber Castle," stilted and outdated jazz riffs. And there are the Bee Gee hard rock tracks: "In My Own Time," "Taxman" revisited; Lemons Never Forget," Beatles again; "The Change Is Made," muffed fuzz-tone guitar; "Idea," great guitar line drowned in clumsy breathlessness. The Bee Gees' hard rock is generally poor, since nobody in the group is really very good at anything except singing and writing songs; Bee Gee oddities on the other hand often succeed. Nevertheless over-arranged British-group style vocals and romantic rock ballads must be considered their forte.

The banal, graceless, trite, and melodramatic conquer honestly; there is no bullshit here, just unblushing romanticism. The artistic conservative with integrity may peddle his wares not only successfully but with style. What more can we ask? To paraphrase Robert Soma, we are given uncamouflaged sentimentality. The Bee Gee achievement may be measured by "I've Gotta Get a Message to You." Working from a standard story line concerning a jealous lover about to be executed in prison (which the Everly Brothers could almost have written), the Bee Gees with violins and a beautiful organ line build a sugar-coated epic. It worked with "New York Mining Disaster 1941," and it works here. The banality and sentimentality is there on the surface—there is no hide and seek game. The track is a perfect modern representative of its genre.

Naturally the question remains is whether the romantic rock ballad is worth a serious resurrection. Certainly in the larger musical movement of our time such intensive attention to a limited form so tied to decadent musical values must appear regressive. But as Ned Rorem has pointed out in connection with the Beatles, "genius doesn't lie in not being derivative, but in making right choices instead of wrong ones." While the Bee Gees aren't the Beatles, they do have the capacity of occasionally making the right choices in their chosen area of rock. It is this sort of capacity that should not be ignored.

Folk Songs

Going Crippled

In the midst of my grave
put a snow white dove
to show this world that I died for
love.

The star controller, my arm
Will it ever be limber?
Oh momma, my arm, it pains me.

Look Who's Been Gone

I've never had a full stomach.
You tickle my beliefs.
What did you touch, was it my
heart?

Listen to the high green laughing
trees in the wind.
I am Garley Foster, the human bird.

Their Treat

They treat me good they treat me
fine
they give me beer they give me
wine.
Stop giving me wine!
My head is filling up with damage.
My head rides along in the Nashville
clay.
I need you so, you blue steel head,
you blue steel head that bites like
a bone.

Lewis MacAdams

Anybody Seen Dion?

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equipment is different, the depth is different, the way you record is much, much different. There's a lot more in it these days. I dig a lot of the artists. The Creams are good musicians. But there are a lot of kids who sit around, smoke a joint or two, and figure they're really doing something musically. I listen to Tim Hardin—he's beautiful, Laura Nyro, Robert Johnson.

"I'm tryin' not to plan too much right now. Don't think I'll do anything until after the first of the year. We cut an album, which came out this week. The concept, I guess, is to make our music talk. I'm kinda lookin' forward to doing more television, interviews and appearances.

"Things look good," he mused, at the end.

And you think to yourself that the moving lyrics of "Abraham Martin and John" have more than monetary and comeback interest to Dion. In a way, he's saying about them what a lot of us said when he went away, those six years ago.

Yoko's Films

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The actors talk to the camera and Godard uses self-conscious camera styles to constantly return you to the reality of the film as opposed to the fantasy of the story it's telling. When Warhol attempted to push this one step farther, with *Empire* and his other film records in which film time and real time were synchronized, he seemed to prove (for me, at least) only that it could not be pushed one step farther, and that Godard was already at the outer boundaries.

But now Yoko Ono has advanced it one step farther, and in doing so has demonstrated that Warhol was moving in the wrong direction. The thing about Godard has always been his artistry, his craftsman's regard for his materials. His films are constructed like good hand-made shoes or fine watches.

Warhol has seemed to disdain the camera and film, as if they might soil him, and yet get the deliberately bad sound and deliberately bad camera work in a Warhol film almost as a badge of the maker's detachment from his tools.

For a long time in parts of the underground, this was seen as a mark of honesty: See here, this is really only a camera, so what difference does it make if it's in focus or not? But if you think for a moment about film, cameras, light and lenses, you see that focus is not an affectation but the mystical point at which everything comes together. And if you start with focus and move away, that is altogether different from not knowing or caring where you're at to begin with.

What Yoko Ono and John Lennon have accomplished is two things at once: They have created a film record (real time equals film time) with its own peculiar atmosphere of reality, and they have done it lovingly, with artistry. Instead of pointing their camera and stepping aside (the Warhol approach), they have pointed their camera and then tried to make the picture it sees and the sounds it hears as beautiful as possible. And beauty is as real as the Empire State Building, and more durable.

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cided to stick to a more commercial length of an hour (approx.). 8mm copies of the film are also available for people who'd like to have the film on their wall as a light-portrait. Also, we'll store some copies for the next century.

They say that in the corner of the world there is a man who sits and spends his life in sending good vibrations to the world, and when a star twinkles, we are only catching the twinkle that was sent 1000 light years ago, etc.

Imagine a pointing that smiles just once in a billion years. John's ghostly smile in *Film No. 5* might just communicate in a hundred years' time, or maybe, the way things are rolling, it may communicate much earlier than that. I think all the doors are just ready to open now. One light knock should do. It's just that there are still a minority group in the world who are afraid of the doorless world to come. They're just not sure how they can cope with it. But most of us know that doors are just figments of our imagination. The good thing is though, that law of nature that once you know, you can

never know things, so the doors are going to disappear pretty rapidly, I think.

Some critic recently commented on us, John and I, as being lollipop artists who are preoccupied with blowing soap-bubbles forever. I thought that was beautiful. There's a lot you can do with blowing soap-bubbles. Maybe the future USA should decide their presidency by having a soap-bubble contest. Blowing soap-bubbles could be used as a form of swearing. Some day the whole world can make it its occupation to blow soap-bubbles.

Would they ever know that Johnny West and Yoko DeMille ate bananas together?

Thanks to FIBA Magazine

Lou Adler in Action

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registers ringing," says one of his contemporaries; while others contend Adler has just been luckier than most. "Anybody in the business who failed to recognize the commercial value of people Adler has produced is either a dummy or accident prone," says one.

Some of this response to Adler's success may be written off to envy, because there are many in Adler's scene who rank him among the best. His ear is good, they say, and he knows the business; he is subtly dynamic in meetings and quietly forceful in all business deals, using lawyers and accountants to speak for him. He also has that uncanny sense of "what's happening."

"There are a lot of producers who have a 'sound,'" Adler says. "I don't know if my sound is distinctive, because the sound I put on records is usually that of the artist. If I take five different artists, I have five different sounding records. Spector has his sound and he fits the artists to it; I do the reverse, and fit my sound to them."

"Some of the fills, some of the feels, would come from my using the same musicians. For years now I've used Hal Blaine on drums, Joe Osborn on bass, Larry Knechtel on piano. But I don't know if anyone can say, 'That's a Lou Adler track or sound.' I hear similarities between, say, 'Eve of Destruction' and the Mamas and Papas tracks. But I believe you shouldn't be able to tell who's producing.

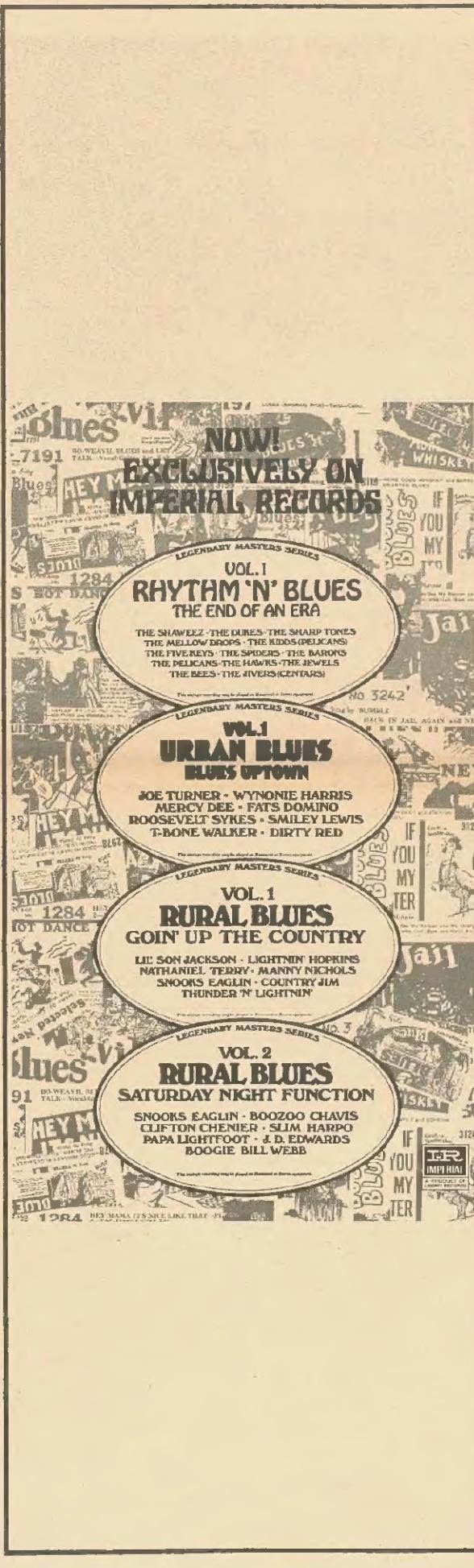
"The most important thing is the beginning. I don't take artists who are established—except in that one instance, the Everlys—and who are looking for a new producer. They're set in their ways and it's not as interesting. The original concept is the most important thing to me—what musicians you use, the feeling they get together. Eventually a concept develops, a package . . . a total package. The producer isn't important once the package is formed. You get the right musicians, the right studio, the right engineer, the right act, and it should develop so it works without you after the first album."

With some acts, such as the Mamas and the Papas, much of the sound Adler has produced has been dependent upon the act itself. "With that group," he says, "everything was hooked on John's rhythm feel, because he plays rhythm guitar. He also can do more with four voices than anyone ever has been able to do. So I had all this harmony and rhythm ready-set. With Barry McGuire I had everything down on tape, all the music, all the tracks . . . and all he had to do was come in and sing. It depends on the act."

Adler is at the pinnacle. One of his closest friends is Andrew Loog Oldham, a young man Adler met when the Stones were making their first American tour. (The Stones were guests of honor on the TAMI electronovision show, and Jan & Dean were the hosts.) Adler says he and Oldham have never had any business dealings.

"We've just helped each other occasionally," he says. "He was here and I played 'California Dreamin'' and a week later he took out a front page ad in the New Musical Express—months before it was a hit. He did the same thing when I played him Scott McKenzie's song. And I gave him some titles for some Rolling Stones albums and some advertising ideas, things I'd used here I thought he could use in England."

"I used to have a lot of relationships like that," Adler says. "That was when I had an office on Sunset. Songwriters used to drop by and play their songs. But now I'm away from that; now I'm up here."





"What do you want with me," asked Scrooge. "Much," replied Marley in a voice that was anything but friendly. Scrooge refilled his pipe from the baggie he kept hidden in the hem of his nightshirt.

"You're such a living-down Jacob," he said. Marley frowned. Suddenly Scrooge laughed.

"Look here Jacob, let's forget our past mistakes, it's Christmas. Let's be friends." Marley thought for a long time.

"Agreed," he said at last. Scrooge was beside himself. "What would you like to hear? Electric Truth from Jeff Beck? Heavy blues from Fleetwood Mac? Gentleness from Donovan? Dino Valente's mind tales? Hard-driving Terry Reid? Life from Sly and the Family Stone?" Marley thought for another moment.

"Life," said the ghost with a smile.

